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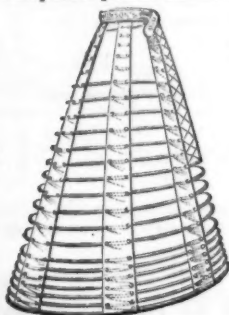
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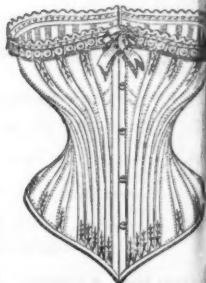
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## Jewish and Catholic Poor.

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ONE of the many changes in the aspect of the streets of London which veteran pedestrians like ourselves remark, is the extensive substitution of the Irish for the Jewish physiognomy in the itinerant vendors of fruit and other articles, but most specially of oranges. The anecdote which passes current for having been told by one of our bishops, of his demand for sixpennyworth of oranges being studiously ignored, and of the whispered explanation as soon as the other customers had been served, "They're *biled*, your Riverence," could not have been related or invented forty years ago. The orange monopoly of the streets, Mr. Mayhew tells us in his valuable work on the London poor, was established by the Jews about 1810, when recruiting and local soldiering had absorbed a large proportion of those who would otherwise have competed with them, and they retained it for a quarter of a century. Some of the young Jews earned at least one hundred pounds a year by this traffic. It was at its height, together with various other street-trades, between 1815 and 1825, when, as Mr. Mayhew says, "no one could reach or leave the metropolis, even for the shortest journey, without being expected to be in urgent want of oranges, lemons, black-lead pencils, sticks of sealing-wax, many-bladed pen-knives, pocket-combs, razors, strops, braces, and sponges;"\* all pressed upon him by Jews. From 1836 the Irish gradually superseded the Jews, and at present the itinerant orange trade is almost entirely in their hands. Mr. Gilbert, who is also an authority on street statistics, notices the same fact, and ascribes it to the "superior business qualifications of the Irish."† He tells us that it is not the only branch of competition in which the street Irish have beaten the street Jews. A poor Jew, to whom he was speaking of oranges, replied, "And that is not the worst of it: they are now encroaching on our old-clothes trade, and somehow they appear to succeed far better than we do." The poor Jews, it would seem, little as we might have expected it, are less saving than the Irish, being more addicted to fine apparel and amusements, and this makes them less fit for occupations in which there are slack seasons and intervals

\* *London Labour and the London Poor*, vol. i. p. 106. 1851.

† In a paper in *Good Words* for 1864, "The London Jews."

in which nothing can be earned. It should, however, also be noticed that the rich and benevolent Jews, who have of late years exerted themselves in a most admirable manner and with immense success to improve the condition of their poorer brethren, endeavour to dissuade them as far as possible from itinerant traffic, and to turn their attention to more industrial pursuits.

But—*paulo majora canamus*. From oranges and old clothes we have been led on to think of the curious points of similarity in the circumstances of two classes that stand otherwise in such contrast with one another,—the poor Catholics and the poor Jews in London, and of the various ways in which they are mixed up together; and this again has set us wondering why the rich Catholics, with such unspeakably stronger motives for exertion and self-denial, have not taken in hand the amelioration of the state of our poor on any thing like the same scale or in as systematic a way as the rich Jews have done for theirs. Besides the articles on the London Jews, by Mr. Gilbert, to which we just referred, we have been studying an admirable volume lately published by Dr. Stallard,\* physician to several hospitals, and author of various other works on the state of the poor, which he has made it his business for nine years to investigate. His object is to point out in detail the complete failure of the State poor-law system, particularly in London, and the positive and serious mischiefs that are resulting from it, and to describe the Jewish system of relief as a model to which it would be well if Christians would try to approach. He is not specially concerned with Catholics, and the reproaches which he utters against Christian apathy are certainly not meant for them in particular, and would not in any thing like their full extent be applicable to them: but we think it must strike any thoughtful Catholic that the position of destitute Catholics in London is very much like that of destitute Jews, and that the peculiar difficulties under which we lie, in providing for our poorer brethren that relief which the rates to which we contribute were intended, but have utterly failed, to provide, are nearly identical with those which have been surmounted by the Jewish Board of Guardians.

This Board is a very different thing from its Christian namesakes, for it is what it is called: a Board of Guardians of the Poor, and not of the poor-rates. It has been at work only since 1859. For several years before, notwithstanding the many charitable societies established for the relief of poor Jews, and vast sums bestowed in private charity, destitution and misery had been rapidly on the increase among them. The immigration of poor Irish to Liverpool and London was far exceeded by that of penniless Jews, who flocked over from

\* *London Pauperism amongst Jews and Christians*, 1867.

Poland, Holland, and Germany, to avoid the burden of military conscription, or, as was the case with multitudes, were transported at a cheap rate at the expense of foreign synagogues, as the readiest expedient for discharging or evading the duty of rescuing them from starvation. It is thought that in the last fifteen years the number of Jews in London has been more than doubled, chiefly through this incessant addition of the most destitute of other countries. When Mr. Gilbert wrote in 1864 the number was 41,000; Dr. Stallard less than three years afterwards tells us, on the authority of the Secretary of the Board, that it has risen to 55,000. A fifth part of the whole body is dependent wholly or in part on the alms of the rest, and a very large proportion consists of those who can barely manage to maintain themselves; while there are not more than 400 that have amassed large fortunes. Of the applications for relief 34 per cent are from foreigners who have been less than seven years in London, and out of 2,000 Jewish boys in the chief free school 700 are the children of immigrants. These new-comers are, moreover, in general not only utterly destitute, but more ignorant, more dirty, and less moral than the native Jew population. Again, hard as it is for an Irish agricultural labourer, or a young maiden whose accomplishments have been limited to cutting peat and feeding pigs, to obtain employment in London, the difficulties of the Jews are still greater. The prohibition against partaking of meat killed by a Christian butcher, and the obligation to abstain from work for part of Friday and all Saturday in every week, and on various festivals and periods of mourning, make it impossible for a Jew to be apprenticed to any Christian master, and indeed exclude him from all kinds of labour in which association with Christians is involved. No Jews can be employed in Christian factories, ship-yards, engine-works, or shops. There are no Jew carpenters, builders, plumbers, smiths, masons, or bricklayers. Tailoring, glaziers, the preparation of street pastry and fried fish, and the manufacture of caps, slippers, shirts, umbrellas, and cigars, are almost the only industrial pursuits in which they can engage. Those who cannot find employment in these limited fields are driven to obtain their living by the sale or barter of articles in common demand. In the trade "in a variety of goods," as Dr. Stallard very euphemistically puts it, "which are not always obtained from legitimate sources," we may hope that the Irish leave them alone; but in most of the honest itinerant traffic in which they are engaged, and especially in the extensive commerce which is carried on in cast-off apparel, they and the poorer Catholics are curiously thrown together, and brought into competition. With all these difficulties, and with the ever-increasing burden of the influx from

abroad, and with the tendency to increased separation between the few rich who live more and more at the West End and the many poor who are crowded in the regions where the poorest Irish are also found, it was no wonder that things were growing worse and worse. The grants made by the synagogues, besides being inadequate to relieve the vast distress that prevailed, were irregularly distributed, and from want of a personal knowledge of the applicants were often diverted to swell the gains of the sturdy beggar, while the shame-faced sufferer or the unknown or unintelligible foreigner was passed over.

"Under these circumstances," Dr. Stallard relates, "it was resolved in 1859, by the consent of the synagogues, to form a central Board of Guardians to raise funds and relieve the poor. Their efforts were first directed to the relief of foreigners only; but the advantages of the scheme having been perceived, it was not long before the whole treatment of the Jewish poor was placed in their hands. The Board consists of twenty-nine members, of whom nineteen are delegated by three conjoint synagogues, and the rest are elected by the subscribers to the funds dispensed. . . . The Board meets once a month for the transaction of ordinary business, the passing of accounts, and the ordering of permanent or peculiar relief specially required which the committee do not feel themselves authorised to grant. Most of the duties are confided to committees, which are respectively entitled the Relief Committee, the Visiting Committee, the Work Committee, and the Medical Committee, whilst the Treasurer attends the office once a month to pay the tradesmen's bills. The Relief Committee is formed by three members of the Board selected in rotation; they attend the office on Monday and Thursday evenings for the administration of relief. There in his turn will be found a Member of Parliament sitting, it may be, side by side with Professor Waley or the President, listening to the complaints and distresses of the poor, hearing the reports of the investigating officers, and, with the advice and assistance of visitors and the clergy, dispensing such relief as is best calculated to sustain the poor in comfort, and restore them to the independence they have lost. The cases are not hurried over at the rate of two or three in a minute, as at the Strand and Bethnal Green; the object is not to save the pocket, but to relieve the poor. What is the cause of the destitution? is the first question. Is it not susceptible of permanent relief? is the second. The nature of the distress is looked into minutely, and the applicant is only dismissed with an order for grocery and bread when nothing else can be effectually done. The test of destitution is applied by the Board, and is not thrust upon

the miserable applicant by an offer of the workhouse. Complete investigation is regarded as essential to efficient charity; and the character of the applicant and the nature of the distress having been laid before the Board, every case is judged upon its merits, and relieved, so far as the means of the Board permit, according to its deserts."

To the Relief Committee are attached a clerk, who keeps a full record, which is open to inspection, of the particulars of every case, whether relieved or not, and two investigating officers, who report fully the information gained by them from employers and others with regard to each applicant. More than 4000 cases are already fully registered, and forms are kept into which the particulars of any case can be readily copied and sent to any one desiring information. On the other hand, those who receive begging letters can forward them to the Board with the certainty that no case of real distress will remain unrelieved.

Mr. Gilbert gives an account of an ordinary sitting of the Committee at which he was present, which, although nothing at all unusual is recorded, is interesting as showing how sound discretion may be united to kindness and liberality, and how almsgiving may be employed without offence for the moral surveillance of the families relieved, and that there is no necessity for a Board to be either wooden-headed or wooden-hearted. Several destitute persons were furnished with tickets for bread and meat according to the exact amount of their real needs. One, a German woman, who was ragged and dirty, received at the same time tickets for baths and a laundry, and was admonished to come quite clean for fresh relief. Another foreigner was told that his four children were idling at home, and that he must send them regularly to the free school and then would have his wants supplied. A handsome girl who appeared for her father was sent back at once to bid him come himself, and he was severely reprimanded for exposing her to the dangers of the streets. A man with a very plausible tale of distress, who would have been the most successful of all at a Christian Board, was amazed at hearing read out to him a full description of his antecedents, and was ignominiously dismissed. On the other hand, an old man of seventy-five, who by a Christian Board would have been offered the alternative of starvation or imprisonment amongst the inmates of an imbecile ward, was most courteously welcomed, pressed to say how he could be helped, and sent away rejoicing in the loan of five shillings, which, as had been the case before, would enable him to stock his pedlar's pack and continue to gain his own livelihood. The plan of helping the poor by loans is one of the most successful parts

of the Jewish system. The total amount advanced in six years and a half was 2069*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* in 1649 loans, 770 of which, amounting to 381*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, were granted in sums under 10*s.* without security. The whole loss is estimated at only 3½ per cent. When we consider, what Mr. Mayhew's researches among the costermongers ascertained, that the interest ordinarily paid for loans by itinerants, even when they can give good security, is at the rate of 1040*l.* per cent per annum, we can see what an immense advantage these loans without interest give the poor Jew over his Christian competitors.

In contrast with the proceedings of the Jewish Relief Committee, Dr. Stallard prints a letter from one of the guardians of the Strand Union, giving an account of what took place at the ordinary meeting of the Board on Tuesday, March 27, 1866, as a fair specimen of some 30 meetings that he had attended. In exactly 38 minutes 43 cases were confirmed, and 34 new applicants were shoved forward one after another, and nominally questioned and adjudicated upon. However terrible the distress might be, from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a week was the range of relief for whole families. One case on which there was some discussion is particularly mentioned: it was that of a dying man, with a wife and four young children; and it was strongly recommended by both the medical and the relieving officer. The only chance of his recovery was liberal treatment. He was allowed 2*s.* in money, the worth of one in meat and one in grocery, and four loaves for a week, and an amendment to give a little more was lost by a majority of 11 to 4. If he had been a Jew, he would not have had to make any application to a board at all, and would probably have been receiving 1*l.* a week from the Medical Committee long before. The conviction of this guardian about the proceedings of his Board is that "so far from being those of investigation, consideration, and judicious treatment, they approach more nearly to a cruel farce; and further than this, the harshness falls with the greatest severity on the uncomplaining, disabled, and deserving poor." Yet the Strand Union is far more liberal than the majority of the London Boards; and this poor man, left to die for want of nourishment, was far more liberally treated than the majority of applicants to the same Board. In Bethnal Green the crowd of more than half-starved and shivering paupers, who wait in a splendid board-room which with its offices cost 8000*l.*, are thrust to the bar where they have to stand for the decision upon their cases, and pushed out of a door beyond, with the order "Come again to-morrow at nine o'clock," at the rate of 390 in two hours and a half, or three a minute. "Often the applicant makes a vain attempt to be heard, but there is no time for investigation. The whole proceeding is a sham." The whole amount of relief in

money and food given to 1481 distressed persons for the week ending March 7th, 1866, was 57*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*; about 9½*d.* each. Even this is not the lowest depth. In Whitechapel 2330 paupers receive 81*l.* amongst them; 8*d.* a head to support life for a week. No wonder that, at an inquest lately held in that district on a respectable woman, who had been for a long time too weak and ill to work, and had been existing on one shilling and one loaf from the guardians weekly, and whose body was nearly bloodless and exhibited signs of having swallowed nothing for days, the coroner declared that similar cases came before him almost every week. And this goes on in a city the rental alone of which is fourteen millions a year, and in which alongside of verdicts of "died from want of the necessaries of life," we read in the public prints descriptions of fashionable entertainments—alas! sometimes, to our shame and grief, in the mansions of Catholics—at which several hundred pounds have been wasted on a few hours' frivolous dissipation. Of the 39 Boards in and round London, there are only two—the City of London and Hampstead, in each of which the number of poor is very trifling and the comparative wealth very great—that give relief to the amount of 2*s.* a week to each destitute person; 23 give between 1*s.* and 2*s.*; and the other 14 from 8*d.* to 11½*d.* In such unions as Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, and St. George's Southwark, the guardians are to be pitied rather than blamed; for, owing to the present cruel and unjust system of assessment, the rates are the heaviest where there are the smallest means of meeting them and the greatest multitudes to be supported out of them, and it is with the utmost difficulty that the funds for supplying the pittance of 8*d.* or 9*d.* a week to the absolutely destitute can be wrung out of a population only just removed from destitution. The poor shopkeepers of Southwark, as it is, have to pay 6*s.* 9*d.* in the pound on their real earnings, while the millionaires of the City pay only 3*s.* on a fictitiously low rating, and the rich inhabitants of St. George's, Hanover Square, only 2*s.* 9*d.* Besides having to support all their own poor, the most impoverished districts have to be answerable for the vast crowds driven amongst them from their own homes, to make room for warehouses and mansions and villas in the aristocratic regions, and even to pay rates for the widening of streets which they themselves never enter, for the convenience of those who have displaced them. It is not to be wondered at that the guardians of some Unions have given up the farce of pretending to relieve applicants, and leave the poor in the hands of the relieving(?) officer, and that those of Southwark passed a despairing resolution in which they deplored their inability to do what they were bound to do. On the other hand, there are a few infamous instances, of which St.



George's, Hanover Square, is the worst, of wealthy Unions, with comparatively very few to be relieved, and the rates light, cutting down the doles to the destitute to 1s. 5d. and 1s. 7d. a week.

In 1861 a Visiting Committee of twenty-five gentlemen, now increased to thirty, was appointed to aid the Jewish Relief Committee, and they again are assisted, in cases in which female investigation and advice are necessary, by a number of intelligent ladies. Each member of the Visiting Committee takes a certain number of poor families under his special care. He is expected to visit them regularly; to see that each applicant makes the most of his own resources, if he have any, and that his friends help him according to their ability; to receive in confidence explanations which it might be painful to repeat before the Board; to act generally as the poor man's friend and adviser, to plead for him before the Board, and bring back relief; to assist him to obtain work; when he is sick to see that he is properly attended to, and nursed or sent to the hospital most suited to his case; to look after the family when the head of it is laid up or absent, and keep it from being broken up; to see that a convalescent returns to his work when strong enough; to see that all children are sent to school, and when old enough apprenticed to a trade; and to obtain for the old and worn-out admission into an almshouse.

The Work Committee was formed to superintend the details necessary for making the best use of ten sewing-machines, which were placed at the disposal of the Board for the assistance of poor tailors whose work was insufficient to support them; and its operations have now developed into a most admirable and efficient means of rescuing the industrious poor from pauperism. The Committee have now 1500*l.* worth of sewing-machines lent out, and have established several hundred families in a comfortable independence. Before a machine is lent, one of the members of the family goes through a special course of training at the *dépôt* of the manufacturer, and receives there a certificate of competency; and as soon as this is gained and two sureties are found for the proper treatment of the machine, it is sent to the house of the applicant, and he is sure of a steady income of from 1*l.* to 3*l.* a week. He pays two shillings a week, and as soon as the cost price has thus been paid, together with any incidental expenses incurred by the Committee from damage, &c., the machine becomes his own property, and a new machine is bought by the Committee. If the borrower dies, or from any cause the machine becomes useless to him, the Committee take back the machine and return the money paid. Dr. Stallard gives us an account of a round of visits which he made not long ago with one of the members of this Committee, and we must try to condense the details, so as to



give some idea of what is being done. A family of Polish Jews, seven in number, who had occupied a highly respectable position in their own country, were in the direst distress; they were huddled together in one room, and in circumstances ruinous to health and dangerous to morality. An application was made for a machine, but the visitor, in accordance with the principles of the Board, reported that it ought not to be granted until the family had removed to more suitable rooms. When this was done, the eldest girl was sent to Singer's to learn how to work the machine, and the family were supported by the Board. In six weeks the girl received her certificate, the machine was sent, and no further relief needed. The whole family is now well off; the father as well as the daughter works the machine, and another child is learning the use of it. In the place of squalor, filth, and threatened disease and immorality, there are ruddy and smiling faces, and a happy comfortable home. If these Poles had been Catholics instead of Jews, how would they have fared? They would perhaps have received in casual alms more than what the Jewish Board expended, and they would be either in the workhouse, or as miserable as when they landed and more hopeless. The next visit was to a cap-maker from Manchester, already accustomed to the use of a machine, who, having been unable to procure employment in London, was, with his wife and children, reduced to destitution. He was too proud to ask for alms, and from no Christian Poor-law Board would an able-bodied man with only two children receive the least attention. In three days' time he was working merrily at a machine, and free from care and fear. Another case was that of a man who had received a machine some time before, and had ceased to make the regular payments required. He was found to be very ill, and in spite of the efforts of his family, in great distress. The visitor ordered that no payments should be required till he was well, and furnished one of his daughters with an order to learn the use of the machine. In a few weeks it will be at work again, and the support of the family secured. The Committee intend to take a house and fit it up with machines for the purpose of training children to the art. They expect that it will soon pay its own expenses, and are sure that it will tend to raise many families in the scale of health and comfort. It is clear that this will place the Christian poor who are struggling to maintain themselves by tailoring and needlework at a fearful disadvantage, for they will be utterly unable to compete with the machines. On the same principle, and on the same sort of system, the Committee lend mangles, and buy or release from pawn working-men's tools. They keep a stock of glazier's diamonds on hand, which they give, lend, or sell, as most

expedient. In short, they are always ready to give help in any way by which a poor family may be enabled to earn an honest living for themselves. The reports show that the repayments are hardly ever omitted, except in cases of sickness or accident, and that during the whole experiment only one machine has been misused.

The Medical Committee not only see that the orders of the medical officers are carried out, and that the diet recommended by them is supplied, but act also as sanitary inspectors, bring about improvements by personal representations to the landlords, and by repeated applications to the Local Board of Works, and whenever necessary, see to the removal of overcrowded families, and of those who are living in infected houses. On the approach of the cholera, instead of contenting themselves with putting out admonitory placards, they at once erected twenty-seven stand-pipes, affording a constant supply of pure water in the quarters most thronged by Jews; they cleansed and whitewashed every room inhabited by Jews that needed it, and removed the occupants to other quarters during the process; they distributed abundant supplies not only of disinfectant fluids, but of bedding and blankets, increased the usual allowances of meat, and placed stores of the best wine and brandy at the disposal of their medical officers; and they hired houses to form a convalescent home for those who might take the disease and recover from it. All this wise prodigality was rewarded by the comparative immunity of their poor, and even on the ground of economy was justified by the event. Instead of a crowd of widows and orphans to be maintained afterwards, the whole Jewish population had only twenty-nine cases of cholera, and only nineteen of them fatal. The Committee are enabled to display the same well-judged liberality in all their dealings with the sick poor. Thus alongside of cases in Southwark, cited by Dr. Stalard, of a respectable Christian artisan with his wife and four children, boys and girls, all lying together in one bed in a high fever, without sheets, blankets, or coverlid, in a small dilapidated upper room, and the whole relief one pound and a half of bread and one pound of meat three times a week; or again, of an industrious, sober man, who had supported his family in respectability for seventeen years, dying in the low delirium of typhus fever, caught from the bad drains beneath, his daughter, fourteen years old, hardly better than himself, in bed by his side, and his wife, their only nurse, without a single change of linen; all their goods pawned, and the pawn-tickets sold for a morsel of food; the whole relief of all kinds during nearly three weeks before he died, a single sheet and food to the amount of 5s. 10d.; and the widow and her family, after his death, occupying the same room and lying on the same fever-saturated bed, without

any attempt at purification,—we read of Jewish sick in far less terrible distress, supplied with clothes, linen, wine, and food to the amount of more than a pound a week, and of two families who had had fever sent into the country and boarded there for six weeks at four guineas a week, while their houses were thoroughly cleansed and renovated, the infected furniture destroyed, and new articles to the amount of 20*l.* provided for the convalescents at their return. The Jewish sick on an average cost the Board 10*s.* 7*d.* a week, besides many gifts from private charity. A Christian Board of Guardians in a wealthy union dismissed their medical officer, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of ten Protestant clergymen, on the charge of extravagance in his orders for the sick, although the average was only one shilling a week.

We must not occupy more space, or we might say much more, particularly of the treatment of Christian widows compared to that of Jewish. The Jewish Guardians are able year by year not only to assert that no deserving Jew in distress has been refused relief, but to show that, notwithstanding the incessant influx of destitute foreigners, they are making head against their difficulties, and gradually raising the position of the whole community. The returns of the Christian Boards show that year by year the number of paupers is greater, the relief afforded to each more outrageously insufficient, and the rates at the same time heavier on the poor. The populations of whole regions, from a long continuance of semi-starvation, are becoming hopelessly filthy, incapable of work, and utterly demoralised. Something happily was done, before the battles about the terms on which compound householders are to be admitted to the privilege of having votes to sell, to remedy the horrors of workhouse infirmaries; but the state of the crowds of poor for whom there would be no room in the workhouses, if the threatened alternative were accepted by them, is left untouched. The Poor-law has broken down in every particular. It was to secure uniformity of system, and there are greater differences than ever, and unfortunately always with the result of pressing most severely on the poorest. It was to secure due relief, and men and women are starved to death directly every week, indirectly every day. It was to diminish expense, and the expense is greater than in the old unreformed days, and rapidly increasing. The compound householder may be a very interesting character, but are his interests worth the delay to attempt at least to stay a plague like that which is going on?

Dr. Stallard is very vigorous in his denunciations of Christian apathy and selfishness. His remarks, we are happy to think, fall with very much diminished weight on Catholics as a body. Still we

might learn something from what the Jews, with all our difficulties, paying rates and tithes as we do, and supporting their own ministers, and pressed with a greater tide of incoming destitution, have done for their brethren. Are we to wait until Parliament has time to legislate? Would not our noble societies of St. Vincent-de-Paul, if they were but better manned and made the almoners of those who have not time to be active members, be able to do for Catholics what has been done for Jews? We observe by the last report that under the London Council there are only 229 active and 165 honorary members. A great part—indeed the greatest—of what would have to be done to rescue the poor Catholics from the common fate of poor Christians in London, would not require an increase of contributions so much as more personal investigation and more systematic and combined operations. We are afraid, however, noble as is the charity of many good Catholics, that the scale of almsgiving amongst us generally hardly rises to that of the Jews. The average payment to the synagogue for the sittings of a man and his wife is nine guineas a year, and the average contribution of each occupant of a seat to the synagogue alms-fund is at least twice as much as the payment for the seat. Yet this is the smallest part of what the few rich Jews distribute every year in charity. They maintain two free lying-in asylums, an emigration society, six free burial societies, a large soup-kitchen, and a sick kitchen which does more than medicine, and several orphanages, free schools, and asylums. They defray the expenses of separate wards for their own people in three of the chief hospitals, and subscribe to all, so as to be always supplied with tickets for admission. And they are generally ready, in addition to all this, to respond to any demand on their purses where a case of real distress presents itself. They have this advantage, on the other hand, that although very hospitable, they are simple in their household arrangements, and are not subject to, or do not acknowledge, the claims which fashion makes on its Christian votaries for wholesale and reckless expenditure.

## Promotion and Discipline in the French Army.

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IN these days, when the system by which officers in the English army are appointed to commissions, and afterwards obtain their promotion, is on its trial before public opinion, some information respecting the way in which our neighbours across the Channel manage these matters may not be deemed ill-timed. I have seen a great deal of what to most Englishmen is a sealed book; that is, the interior economy of the French service. I have mixed much with French regimental officers, both on home service in France, and on foreign service in Algeria, as well as during the Syrian expedition, when, in 1860, a force of 6000 men was despatched from Toulon to the Lebanon, in order to restore order after the massacre of the Christians by the Druses. Although as a soldier my services have been entirely confined to the English army, I can appreciate the value of much that differs from the rules of our own service in the French system, more particularly in the scheme by which every soldier in its ranks may, upon certain conditions, look forward to promotion as merely a question of time.

The French army has but two doors by which entrance can be obtained to its commissioned ranks. One of these is through the military college of St. Cyr; the other through the barrack-room. The former is very much like our own establishment at Sandhurst; the latter, as leading ultimately to promotion, utterly unlike anything we have in the English army. There are no direct commissions in the French army, and no appointments or promotions by purchase. In the ranks of their regiments there are many young men of education and good family, for every one knows that two-thirds of the promotions are given to deserving non-commissioned officers. The first step for a private soldier to obtain is that of corporal; and the examination for that comparatively humble grade is more difficult, so far as purely practical military knowledge is concerned, than any which officers of our own army have to undergo. I was once present when the examination of candidates for the rank of corporal in a French regiment took place. There were two vacancies in the corps, and for these there were four or five competitors. The colonel of the regiment was the arbitrator, and he selected from those who were

examined the two who answered best, although all did so well that he had no little difficulty in making his choice. The regiment in which the examination took place was one of *chasseurs à cheval*, which is the lightest of light cavalry in the French army. There was no conceivable position in which a file, a squad, a troop, or a squadron could be placed which the young men trying to be made corporals were not examined upon; and certainly their answers surprised me not a little. I ought to know something of English light cavalry, for I served nearly seven years as an officer in one of our best hussar regiments; but I am very certain that there are not in all our cavalry corps a dozen officers who could answer the questions put to these candidates for corporal's stripes, as these young men replied to them. Moreover, when I heard their intelligent remarks, and saw the eagerness with which the competition was conducted, I no longer wondered at the vast superiority of the French army, in all practical work, to any of our troops; even to the very best of those in India.

The corporals of the French army are the men intrusted entirely with the interior discipline of the barrack-rooms. They are responsible for the conduct of the men when in the rooms, for the cooking of the rations, the cleanliness of the soldiers and their arms, saddlery, and the like. The examination they have to go through before becoming corporals is not only that they are able to read perfectly, and to write well from dictation, but it also regards the way the soldiers' soup should be cooked, the bread baked, the shoes mended, the uniforms repaired, and the arms kept in order. Then, again, they are examined in the most searching manner possible as to what ought to be done in the face of an enemy, on rear guard, advanced guard, picket, out-post duty, under various different circumstances too numerous to mention. I am quite sure that any soldier who could answer satisfactorily the queries which are put to the candidates for the rank of corporal in the French army could, in any country, no matter how great the difficulties of their situation, command a detachment, company, battalion, or squadron of men, with the utmost credit to himself and his charge. And I may here observe that private soldiers are examined for the rank of corporal, and if found fit, advanced to that grade—and subsequently, if found fit, to commissions—in the same way in every arm of the French service. For be it known to my friends at Woolwich that, even in the engineers and artillery, soldiers in the French army can, and do, rise to the highest ranks, and that selections from the non-commissioned officers are made for the rank of officers; and that in these corps, as well as the cavalry, the commissariat, the guards,

and every branch of the service, the same proportion of sergeants, sergeant-majors, or adjutants,\* obtain commissions as in the infantry of the line. The sergeants are selected from the corporals; the selection is made by the colonel; but before he can nominate any of the latter to the higher grade, he must be satisfied that the candidate has a competent knowledge of every kind of account and book-keeping required by the rules of the service.

In the French army the sergeants appear, one and all, to be greatly occupied with accounts. In each company there is a sergeant-major who attends to the distribution of the pay, besides four sergeants, one of which has to look after the clothing and boots of the men, another is responsible for the arms and ammunition, a third for the serving out of the rations, and a fourth attends to the drill and instruction of the recruits. When a guard is furnished by a regiment, unless it is strong enough to be commanded by an officer, a sergeant rarely has charge of the party. It is true that subalterns' guards are more common than with us, but smaller detachments are almost invariably commanded by corporals, who are deemed sufficiently well-instructed to take charge of a considerable number of men. Above the sergeant-major there is in every battalion an adjutant, who is the non-commissioned officer that attends to the discipline (*la police*) of the battalion, and is to the major, or *chef de bataillon*, what the adjutant-major (a captain in rank) is to the colonel—his right-hand man, and general helper in every way. The adjutant, sergeant-majors, and sergeants of a battalion mess together at the canteen.

In the French army there are no married men except the two or three who have special permission to marry, in order that their wives may serve as canteen-keepers, or *vivandières*. Each canteen has a special room set apart for the *sous officiers* of the battalion, in which they breakfast, dine, read, and smoke, the corporals not being included in the list that is called *les sous officiers*. When a *sous officier* has arrived at the rank of *adjutant*, his promotion to the grade of sub-lieutenant is only a question of time; but as often as not sergeant-majors, and even sergeants, are promoted direct to commissions, provided they have in any way distinguished themselves. I was very particular in asking whether interest at the War Office, or in other high quarters, had anything to do with the promotion of non-commissioned officers to the higher ranks, and was told frankly that in

\* The adjutants in a French regiment correspond to our regimental sergeant-majors; there is one for every battalion of infantry, and one for every two squadrons of cavalry. The adjutant-majors, of whom there is one to every regiment, correspond to our adjutants, only they have the rank of captain. The sergeant-majors correspond to our colour-sergeants.



some measure it no doubt had, although not sufficiently to make the others discontented, or to cause grumbling. Unless a non-commissioned officer can show unexceptional testimonials from his colonel—my informant said—he could not obtain a commission; but there was no doubt that if two *sous officiers* were of equal merit, the one who had what they call *protection*, and what we call interest, would get his commission before the other, although the difference in time between the two promotions would not be great. When a *sous officier* is promoted to be sub-lieutenant, he almost invariably obtains his advancement in another corps than his own, so that old companionships and friendships must in a great measure be broken off. I was surprised to find how many officers in a regiment had passed through the ranks, and was told that they generally exceeded those who had been at the military college. Between the two there is not the slightest difference either in feeling or preference for one another. Thus, the officer with whom I was well acquainted had himself come from St. Cyr. He was a captain in his regiment, and in the same corps he had two younger brothers, one was a lieutenant who had risen from the ranks, the other a sergeant-major in another corps, who soon hoped to obtain a commission. During my sojourn in the place, and whilst I saw so much of my friend's corps, I often tried to distinguish those who had been in the ranks from those who had come from the military college, but never could succeed in doing so. The one class seemed in every way to be the equals of the other, both in manners, habits, appearance, and conversation; and one of the pleasantest companions I ever met with in my life was a sergeant of the regiment, a perfect gentleman both by birth and education, who before I left the town was promoted to be sub-lieutenant in a regiment quartered in Paris, and who two months afterwards met and dined with me in that capital.

When a non-commissioned officer or a pupil of St. Cyr obtains his commission as sub-lieutenant in the French army, his future advancement depends very much upon himself. There is no such thing in their service as private or confidential reports; but the character and military qualifications of the officer—as well as his progress or otherwise in what constitutes a good commander—are every year very minutely set down in a record, of which he keeps one copy, the colonel another, and the War Minister a third. The inspection of the corps takes place every year, and the officer who performs that duty is not, as with us, the general commanding the division or district, but an inspector-general: of these there are a certain number for each arm of the service. Nor is the work got over in a day as with us, but it generally lasts a fortnight or three



weeks, so that each inspector-general (who always is of the rank of a divisional general) only gets over about ten corps in the year. He first inspects each company singly, putting both officers and men through the movements. He then has out the battalions separately, and lastly the whole regiment is manoeuvred. It is on this officer's report that most of the promotion of a corps depends, and in order to satisfy himself as to the qualifications of each officer, he has a *tête-à-tête* interview with each one of them, from the colonel down to the junior sub-lieutenant. While he is performing this duty no other person except himself and the officer to whom he is speaking can upon any pretext whatever be present. He questions each officer closely; hears any complaints he may have to make about his promotion or upon any other similar subject; and as he is a general officer who has been invariably specially selected for the office of inspector-general, he is not unlikely by means of these separate interviews with the officers to arrive at a pretty fair conclusion as to the state of discipline in which the regiment may be. What the general does one by one with the officers, the chief of his staff—always a colonel belonging to the staff-corps—does with the non-commissioned officers. Like his chief, he takes his seat in a room by himself, and one by one he sees, quite alone, the adjutants, the sergeant-majors, and the sergeants; and if any corporal or private soldier wishes to see either the general or the chief of his staff, he has a perfect right to do so, and quite alone. How different this—how much more practical!—from the stupid stereotyped system in our service, by which the inspecting general calls out "Any complaints, men?" before the whole regiment, and which never calls forth any answer from the ranks! These private interviews with the inspector the French officers nickname "the confessional," but they regard it as their charter of rights, and say that it is an almost certain guarantee that neither unjust promotions nor undue favouritism is practised in their army. And at the same time it affords the inspector-general—and through him the War Minister—a most excellent opportunity of judging respecting every officer's merits or feelings. French regiments, unless a war breaks out, almost invariably remain three, often four, and sometimes five years at the same station; so that an inspector-general has several occasions afforded him of seeing whether or not any improvement takes place in the professional acquirements or conduct of such officers as he may not be quite satisfied with; and it is the same with the non-commissioned officers. All representations and remonstrances as to tardy promotion, or any complaints respecting the conduct of either superiors or inferiors are made at the annual inspection, and the inspector-general has almost unlimited powers to

adjudge or decide upon any question whatever connected with the regiment.

My friend told me of a case in point which had happened to a relative of his, and may serve to show my readers how easily differences in the French army are adjusted. The lieutenant-colonel of a certain cavalry regiment was on extremely bad terms with one of the *chefs d'escadrons*,\* or majors. As young men they had had a very serious quarrel when serving in another corps together, and when after several years of separation they were brought together in another regiment, the old animosity had been revived. So long as the colonel was present with the corps it did not signify, but no sooner was he absent than the command fell upon the lieutenant-colonel, and then unpleasantness of all sorts was only too visible between them. At last it grew to such a pitch that the colonel of the regiment determined to mention the circumstance to the inspector-general at the next inspection. He did so; and after closely questioning—in the “confessional”—the delinquents apart, and asking every officer in the corps about the matter, the inspector-general came to the conclusion that it was impossible for the two men to serve together, although both were good officers, and the loss of either's services was not to be thought of; they would be better apart. He wrote to the War Minister, and in three days an order from Paris arrived, by which the lieutenant-colonel was transferred, in the same rank, to another cavalry corps in Algiers, and a lieutenant-colonel named in his place. At the same time the *chef d'escadrons* was told that he could expect no promotion to a higher grade for the next three years. Thus, although both were punished—for no doubt both had been in the wrong—neither one nor the other had his professional prospects ruined. In the English army, with the purchase system, or banker's-book qualification, such an arrangement, or anything like such prompt and energetic dealing with a difficulty, would have been simply impossible. One or other of the lieutenant-colonels who was sent from one corps to another would—had such a thing happened in our service—have very justly complained that his purse was touched, for rank in one

\* In the French army the majors of all mounted corps—artillery, cavalry, and military train—are called *chefs d'escadrons*: there is one of these officers to every two squadrons, so that every cavalry regiment, which consists of six squadrons, has three *chefs d'escadrons*; and under each of these there is an adjutant (non-commissioned), assistant-surgeon, veterinary surgeon, and everything complete, so as to make the organisation of every two squadrons complete in itself. The *chef d'escadrons* is responsible for his command, whether at head-quarters of the corps or not, just as the *chef de bataillon*, or major of infantry, is answerable for the battalion he commands.

corps is by no means worth what it is in another. If the major, the senior captain, the senior lieutenant, and the senior cornet are wealthy men, or if they belong to moneyed families, and if the regiment is in England, and not likely to be sent to India for a dozen or more years, a lieutenant-colonelcy is worth at least 12,000*l.* in the English regimental market. But if the corps is in India it is a very different affair, and when a lieutenant-colonel sells out of a corps in that country he would not perhaps be able to realise more than 9,000*l.*

In the French army there are none of those confidential reports to the higher authorities which form such a fertile source of complaint in our service. Every officer is the keeper of his own records, upon which are marked not only the campaigns he has been through, the distinctions he has earned, and the years he has served, but all his qualifications—physical as well as mental—professional attainments, age, advancement, or otherwise, in military knowledge. It is next to impossible that the inspector-general, who never sees the regiment save when he is making any inspection, should have any bias one way or another; and as all recommendation for promotion depends upon him, it is to be presumed that it is carried on in a fair and just spirit. French officers, at any rate, think so. I have spoken with them again and again on the subject, and they all declare that, although a man with good interest at the War Office would, if properly qualified by professional knowledge, in the long run, no doubt, beat one equally well qualified in the race for promotion, it would not be by a very great distance; and that of two officers, the one having superior qualifications but no interest, the other with inferior attainments but the best of interest, the former would certainly obtain his promotion before the latter. A relative of the Emperor's remained, I was told, a non-commissioned officer in a hussar regiment for several years before he obtained his sub-lieutenancy, because he was not considered properly qualified for promotion.

There is no doubt in the French army a very strongly expressed and well-defined public opinion, which makes any gross act of injustice, whether of commission in the shape of promotion, or of commission in the shape of neglect, almost impossible. Moreover, when any injustice in the way of passing over a deserving officer is committed in their service, it is almost always very quickly remedied, and this without any interest being made with the War Minister or others. I will give a case in point. When I was in the habit of seeing so much of the regiment of which I speak, an inspection of the corps, as I have previously mentioned, took place. My friend pointed me out an officer, a lieutenant, who was going to ask the inspector-general to forward his case, which he considered a hard

one, to the War Minister for redress. This gentleman's history was as follows : he had entered the army as a private volunteer at twenty years of age, and in about seven years had obtained a commission, being sent from his old corps to a regiment serving in Algeria, and for very gallant conduct before the enemy had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant almost immediately, being transferred to a third regiment—his present one—which was at that time also serving in Africa. He had now been five years a lieutenant, and most of those who had obtained that rank at the same time as himself had already been promoted to the rank of captain. His record of services and attainments was not only unexceptional, but since he had joined his present corps he had been very favourably mentioned at every inspection, had qualified himself in drawing and in the German language, and had, before the corps returned to France, conducted a small detachment of men with great judgment through part of the enemy's country. As yet he had abstained from asking for promotion, hoping every year that it would be offered him. He had been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, but was still a subaltern. When he returned from the private interview—"the confessional"—which he in his turn got with the inspector-general, my friend asked him what the latter had said to him. "He has promised," was the reply, "that he will forward my case at once to the Minister; he says that he thinks I have been overlooked, and that I deserve my promotion." In less than a week's time this officer was on his way to the north of France, to join a regiment in which he had been appointed captain; so that—entirely by his own merit, for he was without any interest whatever, his father being a *notaire*, or attorney, in a small provincial town—in about eight years this gentleman had risen from private soldier to the rank of captain; and last year I met him at Paris, wearing the epaulets of a lieutenant-colonel, to which he had risen, as he told me, in about thirteen years from the time he entered as a volunteer, having had the good fortune—as he modestly expressed himself to me—to fall in with the means of distinguishing himself before the enemy once more, when serving as a *chef d'escadrons* in Algiers. Certainly this gentleman was altogether an exceptional person, and one of the most talented men I ever had the pleasure of knowing, as well as most soldier-like in his bearing and appearance. But what would all this have served him in our army? If he could have written a cheque on Coutts, Drummond, or the London Joint-Stock Bank for 8000*l.* or 9000*l.*, he might have got his promotion to lieutenant-colonel in twelve years, but not otherwise. Had he enlisted in our army instead of the French, he might in

twelve years have been a regimental sergeant-major, or perhaps, by immense good luck, a cornet, without the means of getting a step higher on the regimental ladder, because he was without money. But the chances are—for I know the spirit of the service but too well—his very appearance and talents would in an English barrack-room have caused him to be bullied and blackguarded by every corporal and sergeant in the troop or company to which he belonged. He would have been reported again and again for the veriest trifles to his captain, have been spoken to by some cub of a newly-joined cornet or ensign as if he were a brute beast, have either been flogged for an insubordinate answer, or taken to drink in despair, and died the death of a dog in the regimental hospital from delirium tremens. In the English army we hate "gentlemen soldiers," and show them on every possible occasion that we do so.

Among French officers there is no doubt a very strong *esprit de corps*, but it is of a different kind from that we have in our service. Theirs may be called *esprit de l'armée*, ours *esprit du régiment*. In this—as in many other respects—they resemble more our naval than our military men. They are proud of their regiments, work in every possible way to support the honour of their respective corps, and glory greatly in all its achievements. But there is not that extreme regimental pride amongst them, by which the one regiment of infantry is regarded as more "crack" than another, and by which one corps seems privileged to look down upon another of which the officers are less wealthy, the mess-plate less handsome, or the band less good. In fact wealthy officers are the exception in their service, and where they are to be found it is considered extremely bad taste for them to make any show of their riches. Of mess-plate there is none in any corps, for in quarters the officers dine by ranks at hotels, and in the field those belonging to each squadron or in the infantry to each two companies form a mess by themselves. Their bands are excellent; but as they are entirely paid for by government, the officers are put to no expense on their account, and cannot boast of them—as is the case with us—as their own private property. The reason that the French look upon the whole service—or rather the particular arm of the service to which they happen to belong, rather than their respective regiments—with professional pride, is that, like our naval officers, they are liable to be removed upon promotion from one corps to another, and in general are so removed every time they obtain a step. It is rarely that an officer is promoted to lieutenant in the same regiment where he has served as sub-lieutenant, and still more unfrequent that he should be made a captain in the corps in which he has served as

lieutenant. From the rank of captain upwards all promotion is by selection, and therefore it hardly ever happens that the grade of *chef d'escadrons* is filled up from amongst the captains of the corps in which the vacancy takes place. In fact the French military authorities deem it better that promotion should be to a great extent general in the army, although they keep it as much as possible not only in the same arm, but in the same division of that. Thus a lancer officer is generally promoted into another lancer regiment, a hussar into another hussar corps, and the like. A partial exception to this rule are the *zouaves* and *chasseurs d'Afrique*. In both these corps the officers are not only almost exclusively taken from amongst non-commissioned officers of the same, but up to the rank of captain an officer is seldom moved to any other corps except it be of a like kind. But as there are three regiments of *zouaves* of the line, and one of *zouaves* of the guard, each corps consisting of three complete battalions and two regiments of *chasseurs d'Afrique*, each of six squadrons, there is plenty of room for all the non-commissioned officers of those corps to obtain promotion. When the French Expeditionary Army was in Syria, I often came across officers of both the *zouaves* and *chasseurs d'Afrique*, and was surprised to find that, to captain inclusive, almost every officer had worked his way up in the same regiment, or else in a similar corps, from the rank of private soldier.

In the French army debt—that great and so universal evil in our own service—is comparatively unknown, or is so rare as to form quite exceptional cases. The reasons of this are that, in the first place, no officer can be arrested on civil process. If he owes a tradesman money, the latter can obtain an order by which a fifth of the officer's pay is made over to him; but a second and a third creditor coming in, must wait until the first has been satisfied. The consequence is that no French shopkeeper will trust an officer beyond a limited amount. Then again, extravagance is looked upon as silly and unsoldierlike by all ranks. If any complaint is made to the authorities of an officer owing any large sum, his promotion is stopped until the matter is settled; but these cases are very rare indeed. There is infinitely less improvidence amongst their officers than is the case in our service. Their messing, as I may show hereafter, is made as inexpensive as possible. Their band is provided at the public expense, as it ought always to be with us. Wearing plain clothes, although not absolutely forbidden, is discouraged, and not deemed soldierlike when officers are with their corps. And last—though certainly not least—there is no purchase system by which any private means an officer may have must be more or less ham-

pered. The result of their system in this respect is, that a French subaltern officer with about 50*l.* a year of pay and no private fortune at all, nor even any allowance from his family, is really a much more independent man, and certainly much more free from debt, than an English lieutenant of the line with 120*l.* per annum as pay, and 200*l.* allowance from home. In a French regiment which I knew very well, there must have been nearly seventy officers. Of these there were but four or five who had any private means whatever. And yet I was assured that there was in the whole corps but one officer in debt, and his liabilities, amounting to 5000 francs (200*l.*), were thought very large indeed.

### *A Heathen's Complaint.*

(*From Æsop.*)

—o—

Πῶς τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε ; μυρία γάρ σευ  
 λυγρὰ καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρές, οὔτε φέρειν.  
 ἦ δέα μὲν γάρ σευ τὰ φύσει καλὰ, γαῖα, θάλασσα,  
 ἄστρο, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἡελίου·  
 τὰλλα δὲ πάντα, φόβον τε καὶ ἄλγεα κῆν τι πάθῃ τις  
 ἐσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

*English.*

How, without death, to leave thee, Life ! thine ills  
 Are myriad : hard to bear, yet hard to fly ;—  
 Thy sweets, born Nature's beauties—earth, seas, hills,  
 Stars, circling moons, the sun, the spangled sky—  
 All else is fear and woe—or, taste we bliss ?—  
 Then straight we hear the tread of Nemesis.



## A Stormy Life ;

OR

### QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

#### PART II.

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#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### THE QUEEN'S LADY IN ENGLAND.

Islington, January 27th, 1464.

I CAME here eight days ago, having, by the mercy of God, made a safe journey, and a fair passage over seas from the harbour of Grace to Southampton, and thence travelled to Winchester to see the Bishop, who received me with exceeding kindness, and entertained me and my companion with his wonted hospitality. Methinks there is not a greater servant of God now in existence than this prelate. I never met with any one which could forbear to love him when once they had seen and conversed with him; and albeit he hath lived much in courts and with persons of high rank, he hath an almost incredible simplicity of manners, joined with so much good breeding and nurture as can be thought of. He was right glad to see me, and yet he said he misliked the Queen should be deprived of the services of one which so truly loved her, and who had been her companion in so many dangers.

"My lord," I replied, "your grace may assure yourself that naught could have resolved me to quit her majesty even for a time unless her own expressed desire that I should for her ends visit this country and report to her the state of men's minds in London and other places. She deigned to say that, whereas she could rely on some of her servants touching zeal, and on others touching discretion, there were but few had both these qualities, which she saw in me. My lord, it would well-nigh have broken my heart to part with my sovereign mistress when her life was daily threatened, and her necessities pressing; but now that she is amongst her own kinsfolk, and her father hath given her the castle of Queniez, near St. Michel, with two thousand livres yearly for her maintenance, I am not so disquieted about her as heretofore."

Then his grace asked me if it was true the Duke of Burgundy had entertained the Queen right royally at St. Pol, and treated her



with great kindness. "Yea," I replied, "with exceeding good cheer; and when we left St. Pol it was under the escort of the Duke's archers; and some of his knights—the Lord de Moreuil, Messire Francisco of Ferrara, the Sieur de Renty, and Guillaume de Saux—rode by the side of the carriage all the way to Bruges. At the gate of that city, which she had left disguised as a poor woman in a covered cart, the Count de Charolais met her, and in the name of his father paid her his compliments, and with as much homage as could be rendered to any queen in the world he conducted her to her lodgings; and all the time we abided in Bruges we lived at the Duke's expense, and banquets were held in honour of her majesty and the prince. The good people of the town could not now make too much of their highnesses. Every day they brought presents of wine and gifts very rare and precious; so mutable is the temper of men, and easily swayed by example."

"The Count of Charolais," the Bishop said, "was always, I ween, well disposed towards his English kinsfolk; but his father and himself have been often at strife, report saith."

"Ay, my lord; but your grace will be contented to learn that the Queen laboured to become a peacemaker betwixt the Duke and his son, whom she regards with no small affection. By her means, Messire Pierre de Brézé hath mediated betwixt them on disputed points, and favourable hopes are entertained of the issue."

"The Holy Trinity be praised!" my lord of Winchester exclaimed. "Blessed be the peacemakers, for they shall be called God's children! Her dear majesty hath, then, wholly forgiven her cousin of Burgundy?"

"O, my lord, she saith she hath received so many marks of affection and honour from this prince, that she fears she can never show herself thankful enough; that she hath found him the best among the good and the gentlest, and possessed withal of better sense than any one on earth."

His grace smiled, and said again, "God be praised! To lose an enemy and gain a friend is so good a hap, that it may well cause an over-partial judgment in a grateful heart."

"When we travelled from the Low Countries to the Duchy of Barr, a detachment of Burgundian troops guarded the Queen all the way, and only turned back when she had passed the frontier of her father's dominions. The King of Sicily was so moved by this generous behaviour to his daughter, that he wrote a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, his ancient foe, wherein he gave him many thanks, and declared he could not have expected, and did not merit, such attentions."

"Glory be to God!" the Bishop cried; "one good action leads to another; like when one throweth a stone into water, each circle formeth a wider one, so each proof of good will betwixt men reacheth others, and goodness widens its sphere. But, I pray you, gentle Lady Margaret, or rather Dame Agnes Clere,—since it is under that name you disguise yourself,—how was her majesty received in her own land and by her own people?"

"Warmly and tenderly," I replied. "Her kinsfolk lavished on

her gifts and endearments, and the peasants and townspeople acclaimed her joyfully. Flowers were scattered on her path; bells were rung and songs composed in honour of the daughter of king René. But, O my lord, how sad were these rejoicings, how bitter these greetings to king Henry's wife! She bore herself loftily and proudly; she smiled, but in an unsmiling fashion. On her father's bosom she wept abundantly, and during their short interview I think she poured out her heart's hoarded sufferings in that paternal one which loves her so well. But his majesty was soon forced to leave her; he is involved in a load of cares and troubles touching the disputes betwixt King Lewis and his feudatories, of which Monseigneur Jean his son, is one. But at the Castle of Vaudémont, and in Monseigneur de Calabre's palace, and at Amboise, where her aunt, the widowed Queen Marie, is lying sick, she concealed her emotions under a cold severe aspect, which chilled some and pained others of her kinsfolk. The day I left her majesty, she said to me, 'When you see my reverend lord the Bishop of Winchester, tell him to pray for me.' And that you may the more assiduously besiege Heaven for her in your orisons, listen to the recital of what that noble but ulcered soul endures. Some time before I came away she spoke thus: 'God forgive me for what I feel when I see Yolande with her lord in so great happiness and glee that nothing can be compared to it. For nineteen years her wedded life hath flowed in an even current of contentment which seemeth almost incredible. Contrast, I pray you, her fate with mine. Ferry is noble, valiant, and loves her well. No contrary fate hath barred her from the enjoyment of that love. My lord is more than noble: he is royal. If Ferry de Lorraine is handsome, king Henry is more so; if he is brave, so is my lord. He hath never shrunk from danger or avoided it, save when fell disease hath smitten him. His natural courage is indomitable, shown in endurance like in action. If Yolande is beloved by her husband, I dare to say I am worshipped by mine. But see, she lives in the sunshine of conjugal affection lavished upon her each day and each hour. If her lord goes to the wars, they are not civil brawls, and he returns crowned with laurels. My gentle lord is hunted from one hiding-place to another like a wild beast; and lands and seas lie between us, so that I cannot hear sometimes for months what hath befallen him. And when have I ever rested peacefully in his arms? When have I even for a few days together enjoyed certain content? When hath the long thirst for happiness which consumes me been slaked? When shall it be slaked? If I had wedded a deformed or a wicked prince, or married one I hated, my misfortunes would be comprehensible; but all that should be sweet in my life turns to gall. The loves which fill my heart breed poison. My son! O Meg! my poor faithful Meg! God only knoweth the suffering which maternal tenderness causeth me! Look at my sister with her children. Her fair-haired René, her little Yolande, the small Marie, the babe Amélie, the infant Ferry; she smiles upon them all—kisses, caresses, chides with careless fondness. All are dear to her, all are winsome; a light whipping hath been the worse trouble of their young lives.

Think you her love for these children is the same impassioned vehement love as mine for my one beautiful royal boy? For me painful thoughts mix with each mother's joy. If I kiss his noble forehead, I think of the crown which rebels seek to deprive him of; if I hear his gay laughter, of the day when assassins were like for ever to stifle his voice; if I see him eat, I call to mind the hour when he vainly hungered for a morsel of food; if he showeth his early wit, youthful courage, and greatness of soul, then I call to mind the speeches of our enemies. "If," say they, "the heir of Lancaster was a deformed imp or a fool, he might be suffered to live; but seeing the promise in him of future greatness, he must perish." This is the direst thought of all; but besides dagger-wounds, my heart endureth a thousand needle-pricks. Hast noticed the rich attire of these young Vaudémonts, these children of Lorraine as they be styled, and how mean Edward's garb shows by the side of all this splendour? And then Yolande, poor simple soul, offers to bestow on him the like gear as her son's, and says sisters should share all things alike, and that she oweth all her joys to me. Can she share with me her untroubled nights, her peaceful days, her light heart, a husband's daily company? Nay, nay; sisters share not alike. God maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and His rain to fall on the just and the unjust; but the sunshine of happiness beameth not alike on His creatures, and the winds of adversity blow not on them with the same rigour. One sister of the same house is submerged in grief, whilst another basks in prosperity.'—My lord, what could I say? what comfort give to this afflicted lady? Hope? Alas! fevered, restless hoping is the cancer which consumes her life. Resignation? Ah! those which have learnt like your grace and others less holy and less learned than yourself, but yet scholars in the same school, to love God not with a distant homage, but a personal ardent love, find in the worshipful adoration of His will consolations unspeakable in the darkest clouds of calamity. But to those which with their whole feeble strength repel His mighty hand there is no more bitter speech than to bid them to be resigned."

The Bishop sighed, and said, "This noble lady's prayers have ever been akin to Rachel's, when she cried, 'Give me children, or else I die.' With this unresigned and passionate persistency she asked for this son; and now she cries to God, 'Give this child a crown, or else I die.' These threatening petitions seldom are blest. May the Lord Jesu comfort her now! for the last news of the King must have needs plunged her into despair, as far as this world is concerned."

"Heavens! my lord," I exclaimed, frightened at these words, "what hath befallen his majesty?"

"Alas," the reverend prelate replied, "I feared you were ignorant of this last hap. I would fain have had better news to greet you with. Did you not hear the King's capture spoken of at Southampton?"

"He is taken, then? O, my poor mistress! my sweet Queen!

God help you when you receive these tidings. Nay, my lord, I heard naught at Hampton, for I drove straightway in a hired conveyance from the port to your palace. O God, I did not think to hear the King was taken. I pray your grace to tell me how it came to pass."

"He was at Waddington Hall, where, on the approach of any strangers, he had been used to retire into a concealed chamber, where he was safe, until a monk of Abingdon discovered the secret passage to it, and revealed the same to Sir James Harrington, which, with his servants, invaded the house and arrested his grace in the name of the present King." The Bishop spoke with more composure than I could see he inwardly possessed, for the tears stood in his eyes.

"Where is he now?" I asked in a dejected tone, for verily I felt utterly cast down.

"In the Tower," the good prelate said. "In sooth, Lady Margaret, this holy monarch's, this dear prince's calamities are so repeated and so great that they work in me a reverent belief that he hath been appointed by God to suffer the penalty of others' crimes. We wit well from Holy Scripture that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, even unto the fourth generation; and what so like as that this pure, saintly, and innocent victim carries in his person the chastisements which others have earned from the Divine Justice?"

"Alas, must the innocent," I exclaimed, "suffer for the guilty?"

"O daughter," I was answered, "is not the Passion of our Lord a reply to this query. Shall the disciple be above the Master, and not rather tread in His footsteps and be conformed to Him in this life, so that he may be with Him in His glory? I thank God that this sweet prisoner, my holy and dear example, who of all men doth most need to hold this faith, doth so cordially embrace it, that when some days since I fell at his feet weeping—"

"O my lord, my lord!" I exclaimed, "you have seen him."

"As soon as I heard he was at the Tower I went straightway to London and to the door of his lodgings, and none dared refuse me admittance. If there had been any to witness that meeting, methinks they should have deemed William of Winchester to be the hapless prisoner, and King Henry the consoler. Yet his injuries had been of no common sort. All show of old respect, of reverence for an anointed king, of pity for fallen greatness, had this time been lacking in his treatment. Mounted on a sorry nag, his legs tied to his stirrups, with an insulting placard on his royal shoulders, he was brought to London, and—yea, I will tell you the worst, Lady Margaret; for if others informed you of it, I fear you should offend God by the utterance of such words as indignant passion too often exhales. Look at that crucifix, daughter; yea, take it in your hand. Think on the manner the Lord God was used in the streets of Jerusalem. Think of His blows and revilings; and then, armed by such showings, list to the recital of His true disciple's entry into London. The Earl of Warwick—stay, daughter; no flashing of the eye, no clenching of the

hand; pray God to forgive him who hath been so unhappy as to commit so grievous a sin,—the Earl of Warwick met the King at Islington; and after issuing a proclamation forbidding all persons to show him any respect, he led him three times round the pillory as if he had been a common felon, crying aloud, 'Treason, treason!' and Behold the traitor!' A poor man which stood in the crowd, and which hath since discoursed with me, said with many tears, 'I warrant you, my lord, the good Saviour must have looked on the Jews as this our poor King did on his enemies that day. When a brutal person, stepping out of the crowd, struck him in the face, he rebuked him with these only words: 'Forsooth and forsooth, you do foully to smite the Lord's anointed.' Yea, weep gentle lady, for the full heart needs relief in these moments wherein those we do love and honour fall a prey to the evil passions of men. But, good Lord, after a little thought, we become reconciled to good men's sufferings, and are more ready to weep over their persecutors than themselves."

"Yea, yea, right reverend Father," I cried, when I could speak.

"I grieve not for that holy saint the King, but O, the Queen!" he gravely answered. "God knoweth there is not a greater well-wisher to her majesty than my unworthy self; but if the future could be unfolded to our eyes, Dame Margaret—if we could look into that next world, in which so many mysteries shall be solved, we should, it may be, perceive that the heaviest strokes of adversity are instruments of a great mercy towards the soul which they appear to sift like wheat. Cease not to pray that by these means it may be cleansed from present alloy, and come out pure at the last day."

I joined my hands and bowed my head; for thinking of the Queen's sorrow pierced me to the heart despite this good counsel.

"The prince, my sweet pupil, gives tokens and hope of future excellence?" the Bishop said, seeking, I ween, to rouse me from my dejection. I assured him that his grace was most toward and gracious in all his actions and behaviour. And for an example thereof I related that at one of the banquets at Bruges given by the nobles of Burgundy in honour of the Queen, the water for the ablution of hands was offered first to her majesty; upon which she called to herself the Count of Charolais, praying him to come and wash with her. But he refused to come forward, and would have the water next offered to the Prince of Wales, who of his own accord, and in the most pretty wise imaginable, drew back, and said he could by no means wash unless his fair cousin the count would wash with him. And in a childish, caressing manner, when the count waived his hand and denied his request, tried with all his little strength to pull to himself his tall burly kinsman and constrain him to it. When he could not succeed, and the truly noble Prince of Burgundy declared it was but loss of time, for that he should never consent to equal himself to the Prince of Wales, our little prince said, "But, fair cousin, these honours are not due to us from you; neither ought precedency to be given in your father's kingdom to such poor and unfortunate persons as we are." The Count de Charo-

lais replied, "Unfortunate though you may be, you are, for all that, the son of the King of England ; whereas I am only the son of a ducal sovereign, which is not so high a vocation as that of a king."

"Alas, pardon me, my lord, if my tears flow again when I think that the hopes which I entertained up to this hour, that at St. Omer the Duke of Burgundy and the King Lewis should have obtained the King's restoration, are now dashed to the earth."

"No foreign aid, Dame Margaret, could unseat the Yorkist dynasty, even if King Henry was at large. The people love him with a secret, tender, faithful love ; but the great earl, the most powerful nobles, and foremost, the citizens of London, hold the throne in their hands ; and for the nonce the present King is the sovereign of their choice."

"And how," I said, "have you fared at his hands, my lord ? for I see by your recent visit to King Henry that you disguise not your fidelity to him."

He smiled, and replied,

"At first I was in great indignation with King Edward, and my friends obliged me to fly into secret corners for fear of his anger ; but I have been lately restored to my flock and to his favour."

"You have the art, my lord, to win the hearts of the most adverse, and to command the esteem of the most opposed parties."

"If this be true," he replied, "it is an artless art ; for it consists in so much rusticity, that I use no disguises with any one, and try as far as in me lies to be my Lord's messenger to all. God hath not set me as a judge over contending parties, but rather to move all to the observance of His law and the practice of virtue. Our holy King commends this moderation, and is glad I can plead with those now in his place for poor oppressed persons and his loved College of Eton. 'Ah, Master William,' quoth he, in that more comfortable than sad interview of last week, 'I pray thee, if thou lovest me, befriend Eton.' And when I told him that the Pope's bull for its dissolution, which had been obtained by false representations at Rome, had been revoked—thanks to Master Westbury's courageous efforts—he smiled with his wonted sweetness and said, 'St. John, but this is good tidings, Master William. I would be led round the pillory more than three times if that could save Eton.'"

After some further discourse with this holy man, which strengthened me not a little at the outset of a mighty and perilous office to be discharged in behalf of my lady the Queen, and furnished guidance in my dealings with others, I craved the Bishop's benison, and retired to rest. On the morrow some further talk passed betwixt us, and I thanked God, which had suffered me to see this apostolic man, who lives in a palace like a poor person himself, albeit hospitable and free to others. Amongst other things he showed me his plans for the erection of his designed College of St. Magdalen at Oxford, which he had intended to make the noblest and richest structure in the learned world, with stately towers and lofty pinnacles, and a most tunable and melodious peal of bells ; and the scholars thereof to be persons of good morals and manners, and an aptitude



for learning which should make them famous men of letters as well as religious men. Master Tyborde, who was with us in the library, exclaimed,

"Ay, my lord, when will this all come to pass which you had so generously conceived and so admirably designed?"

The Bishop smiled, and answered,

"Like other and yet greater things, good Master Tyborde, when God pleaseth, how He pleaseth, and not at all if it shall so please Him."

"Your grace is the most resigned man in the world," said the other; and then the Bishop replied,

"Nay, I have a secret, Master William, by which I have in all things always my will, and this is no other than making God's will mine; and so nothing can happen to displease me, save to see Him offended."

Then condescending to the curiosity of a seely woman, these great and scholarly men exhibited to my amazed sight a book not written with a pen by a man's hand, but in some kind of manner stamped, which is called printing. One Caxton in London hath imported this new art from Germany; and the Bishop told me, if it extended and should come into general use, it would multiply books and diffuse learning to an incredible degree. This book which he showed me was Cicero's work *De Senectute*, done into English, and was dedicated to himself by the ingenious contriver of this singular mode of writing. I said jestingly, that if books should multiply so fast, I should look in mine old age to have myself a library. The Bishop laughed, and said what he most feared printing should effect would be to turn ladies from good housewives into readers of romances and idle tales, and that some check should be devised to keep them from it. His friend Anthony Woodville, he told me, spent whole days in the press at Westminster, and the present King had been to see it. This made me ask him if it was true that the so-called King had married Lady Gray. He told me there was no doubt of it, albeit no open acknowledgment thereof had yet been made; that the espousals had taken place at Grafton, near to Stony Stratford, none being present save the spouse, the bride, her mother the duchess, the priest, two gentlewomen, and a young man to help the priest to sing.

"But report saith that the so-called King hath been twice betrothed before—and in the last place to Elizabeth Lucy."

"It is the common report," the Bishop answered. "I pray God it may not be true, for then these ladies have been grievously injured."

"Bessie Woodville married to the usurper!" I exclaimed. "Verily, my lord, I begin to think they do not err which say the Duchess of Bedford is a witch."

He smiled.

"Verily, Dame Margaret, genealogies affirm she counts amongst her ancestresses the fairy Melusina, and hath inherited all her bewitching arts. In my opinion that great fairy was a lady of incom-



parable cunning and seductive manners; and fairies and witches of this sort are not like to be lacking here and there in this poor world as long as it lasts."

Aught more severe than these words I could not draw from the good Bishop's lips. I had more ado to be temperate in my resentment towards this new-fangled queen than against more guilty persons. But I could not exhale my wrath before his grace, and so held my peace; and on the morrow of that day travelled to London.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

DAME KATHARINE BUGDON.

To behold again, after many years' absence, a once-familiar scene—be it a lone cottage on a bare heath, or a crowded and populous city—worketh either a pleasing sadness or a profound melancholy in a reflective mind. But how greatly doth this feeling increase when the memory of tragical events, the loss of many friends, or of those which either natural affinity of blood or a more than common affection have made more dear than ordinary friends, is added to it! As I rode through the streets of London, these oppressive vapours swelled in my breast like a gathering cloud; and when at last I reached the house at Cheapside where I was to lodge, they broke loose, and resolved themselves into a plentiful rain of tears. It was with Katharine Strange, the wife of Mr. Bugdon, that I was to spend the time I should be in London. She had once belonged to the Queen's household, who had given her a portion, and procured her father's consent to her marriage. Dame Katharine had not, like so many others, lost the memory of her majesty's benefits, and would have gone through fire and water to serve her grace. She folded me in her arms when I arrived, and clung to me, weeping; and when she had conducted me to my chamber, we kissed again, and then cried afresh, and for some time could not converse without new bursts of tears. Howsoever, when the first emotion of this meeting was past, I marvelled to see how young and sprightly this little lady seemed. The years which had set on me the stamp of middle age had passed lightly over her pretty head. She was little changed since the time when she was called at court "*Mischievous Kate*;" and when, after I had taken some rest and refreshment, we began to talk of past and present hopes, I soon found she was the same loving, wilful, passionate damsel as of yore, when she proved the torment of twenty lovers, and the plague of all her friends, by her odd humours. Not to be fond of Katharine Strange had been an impossible thing; but patience was a needful quality for her admirers of both sexes. I had no small curiosity to see the husband which had for nearly ten years endured her varying moods; but he was not in London when I arrived. Even in our first conversation I perceived that we should be like to quarrel on some points. She had the most critical spirit imaginable; and even touching the King and Queen

her bold tongue must wag. It was always with her, "Wherefore this? and wherefore that?" "Marry! what a witless thing this is!" or, "Good Lord! how should such a mad scheme succeed?" or, "Is the Queen demented, that she should do in this wise or in that?" And then she must needs take offence at the King's patience, and call it tameness.

"He was served right by the Earl of Warwick," she cried; "for if a King doth not resent injuries, he deserves to have them heaped upon him."

I was so angered that I would fain have given her a box on the ear; but I perceived she was all the while crying with vexation, which made me pardon her tongue. And when she ended her speech thus: "Men are wont to say, 'enough to provoke a saint.' For my part, I declare saints are enough to provoke poor common persons," I could not choose but smile. Then she began to commend the Yorkists:

"Lord, they do as far surpass our friends in wisdom as the children of this world the children of the light, as saith the Gospel; and yet I can neither call the red-rosers children of light, for such stupid blind persons never existed in my opinion. For now, I pray you, why was not the Prince of Wales long before now betrothed to Margaret of York or Isabel Neville, and then there should have been a hope of peace? If the Queen—God save her!—had, with all her wit, but possessed one half of the skill of the witches of Grafton, I warrant you matters should not have come to this pass. Ah! good Lady Meg, think you, when she is crowned, that that brave Queen Bessie will call to mind the day when you sued her mistress to portion her that she might marry John Gray?"

"It was at Dame Maud Everingham's request that I made that petition," I replied; "for, I promise you, I never liked or admired that placid lady."

"O, for my part," quoth Kate, "I like her cunning. Verily, it doth honour to our sex. Come, you must needs commend that fine speech of hers to her kingly wooer, 'My liege, I know I am not good enough to be your queen,' and the rest of it."

"O, pardon me," I answered impatiently; "this should be all very fine, if we had not all our lives known Bessie Woodville and her sweet humility. I never thought but that she was virtuous; but I thank God that is not so rare a thing that one must needs throw up one's hands in admiration thereat. And as to lealty and gratitude, she sheweth herself as ignorant of these sentiments as if they did not exist."

"Well, they are out of fashion, dear Dame Margery; and Bessie was always constant to that divinity, if to no other allegiance. But all this time there are folks which say she is not consoled for the loss of her first husband, and doth sacrifice her buried love to this Yorkist wedlock for the sole welfare of her children."

"Ay; and I doubt not of her fine brothers also, which but a short time ago professed to be King Henry's most faithful subjects."

"I' faith," Kate cried, "they will soon feather their nests, these

accomplished gentlemen, if report is to be believed, and in a right Woodvillish manner. Of all the sacraments, matrimony is, I ween, the one most prized by Madame Jacquetta's offspring. You are fresh from foreign parts, my lady, and your wit is, I doubt not, sharpened by the air of France; so now, I pray you, guess who is to be the bride of the eldest of these sweet brothers?"

"Is it Isminia Scales?" I said. "She hath more wealth than any marriageable damsel I wot of."

"Ah! the younger brother, Master Anthony, is to have her," Kate replied. "But the eldest hath a more noble ambition. He cannot stoop to wed a chit of thirteen. Nothing but a duchess will serve his new highness."

"A duchess!" I said. "What duchess is there widowed and rich which he can marry?"

"Well, I marvel you are so dull. I pray you, should not the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk be a seemly bride for a young gentleman of the Melusinian lineage?"

"This is foolish jesting," I said petulantly.

"Nay, but I verily promise you," cried Kate, "it is no jest at all. The gentleman is wise—the lady fond. He was eighteen not long ago, and she only just turned eighty. Nay, look not so incredulous. I warrant you this diabolical marriage is no invention of mine, but a thing very like to happen, and which is openly talked of at Grafton. Since the gentle Bessie's spousals 'tis an admirable thing how fair her sisters have grown in the eyes of the Yorkist nobles. These tocherless damsels had been some years out of their teens, and none had thought of doing them worship in the way of marriage; but, Lord! they are not now numerous enough for these good suitors. Lord Maltravers will have Mistress Margaret; Lord Essex sighs for Jacquetta; his Grace of Buckingham for Katharine; Lord Herbert's heir woos pretty Mistress Mary."

"So the tide turns," I said sadly. "God's will be done; but of all things the most bitter to witness is ingratitude."

When, after this converse with Kate, I was alone in my chamber, I repented of my irritable words and sharp resentment touching the new so-called Queen. The remembrance of my promise to Jeanne at Nantes to aim at perfection came remorsefully to my mind. Alas! how much outward changes affect the soul and make us misdoubt the progress we seemed to have made in virtue! When I was following the Queen amidst great afflictions and dangers, I was in nowise tempted to those venial sins which thrive not in the soil of weighty calamities, but rather in the daily chafing of small contradictions. The spectacle of her courage and daring, her vehement resentments and pathetic sorrows, the virtues of several of her followers, my grief for my dear father's dishonoured—but O, how honourable!—death, raised me above small evils and temptations. I did not hate as the Queen did, and to curse an enemy would have been an impossible thing to me. But when I was at London (and here I speak not of that first day only, but of all the time I remained there), and had to witness day by day the meanness of some, the treacheries of others,

the abandonment of a fallen cause by those which had sworn on the Blessed Sacrament to be leal to it; when I heard outrageous falsehoods uttered with shameless audacity, and those who had ruined the Queen and her adherents seeking to blacken their fame by foul slanders; then, as I have not the gay spirit to laugh like Kate at their crimes, I find it difficult to forbear sharp and scornful language. It is not the ignorant brutality of the mob nor the open violence of lawless men which stirs up angry passion in my soul, but the wise malice, the covert attacks, the well-devised inventions of insidious foes, whose triumphant villany is gilded by specious pretexts and dissembled with profound cunning. This none but a saint could meet with equability.

Another source of trouble to me at that time lay in the uncertainty of right and wrong touching certain matters. Till then the path of duty had always been clear to me and evident. To follow my mistress in her perilous journeys; to minister to her comfort; to soften, cheer, or at the least console her in her troubles, had been my chief, constant, and lawful end. But when I found myself concealed in the city under an assumed name, yet known to many as a secret mover in their majesties' righteous, but, as some deemed of it, desperate quarrel; when I had to go with messages to persons whose deaths might be occasioned by the receipt of them if discovered; when others employed by me as messengers were arrested and tortured, to force them to reveal who were the Queen's agents in England, like poor Mark the shoemaker, who was pinched to death because he would not betray my name,—then I was sorely pricked in conscience, and sometimes wrung my hands in anguish, being uncertain how to act. The good Bishop of Winchester, albeit he would gladly have shed his blood to procure King Henry's restoration, disliked these secret dealings; not that they in anywise partook, he said, of the nature of treason, but because they exposed men's lives with little or no hope of a good issue. But I was the Queen's servant, and what was I to do when I received by any certain channels her commands to go hither or thither and communicate with persons she designed to me? More than once I craved her license to return to France, but was denied; for these private manœuvres, which I build little on, her grace highly esteemed. They were not always without danger. This reminds me that one day Kate came to my chamber in a great passion, her eyes flashing like a pussy-cat's in the dark, her hair escaped from her head-gear and bristling in all directions.

"I am resolved," she cried, stamping her foot, "to leave Mr. Bugdon's house."

"Heyday!" I exclaimed; "why, Kate, what hath he done?"

"Refused to admit a person who produced a token which showed he came from Queniez. He may shut his door on the Queen's friends, but he shall shut it on me also, will he or nill he, for I am one of them; and I vow I will not stay here another day, but go to my father at Islington; and you shall come with me, Lady Margery. This untoward, ungentle, cruel man shall tarry by himself in his great dull house, and shut its door on whom he pleases; but he shall never so much as see or hear of me again. I thank God I am not a Yorkist.

He may when I am gone, an it pleases him, stick a white rose in his doublet, ay, and in his bonnet too, for aught I care. Only I won't see it."

"Come, come, sweet Kate," I said. "Prithee be reasonable. This poor husband of thine—"

"My poor husband! Marry! is it come to this? He is to be pitied for being my husband. Well, your ladyship may stay behind to console him, if such is your pleasure. Was ever a woman so ill-treated? I perceive that fidelity to their majesties is an offence in your eyes, Lady Margaret; and you like that Yorkist man Bugdon better than your poor friend."

"O Kate," I cried, "listen to reason."

"O, if it is reason to be mean; if it is reason to be ungrateful; if it is reason to curse and swear at one's wife because she loves the King and the Queen—"

Then I could not forbear to smile; for this cursing, swearing husband was the most good-humoured, quiet gentleman imaginable, and endured with the philosophy of Socrates the assaults of his wife's tongue. A low knock was heard at my door; and when I said "Come in," lo and behold, this violent man stood in the passage, his round complacent face shining with kindness. Before he or I could speak, Kate began:

"Sir, I am not going to stay here to be reproached and foully entreated; nor will I abandon Lady Margaret, because forsooth she wishes well to your rightful sovereigns. I am going to Islington."

"O Lord, sweet wife, if thou hadst gone thither as often as thou hast threatened it, I should be more affrighted; but the boy which cried wolf—"

Then the rage of the little mistress had no bounds.

"I am not a boy, and I am not a wolf," she cried amidst her sobs. "I wish I was a boy, for then I could not have been your wife; and if I had been a wolf—"

"Thou wouldst have eat him up instead of marrying him," I said, which made her suddenly laugh; but she hid her face in her kerchief, that we might think she was weeping. Mr. Bugdon seized the opportunity, and said,

"Lady Margaret, one Hawkins hath been here—"

"Ay," groaned Kate.

"Heavens!" quoth I. "Well, I know who he is. We must needs use great caution in his regard, for I have been advised it is by no means certain that he is a reliable person."

"There, Kate," cried Mr. Bugdon, trying to pull her hands from her face. "Did I not tell thee I was frightened to let him in? and before the words had hardly passed my lips, thou didst bounce out of the study in such a tantrum as never was seen. Belike thou hadst been at Islington by this time."

"O yes, Mr. Bugdon; it is a well-known thing you can always turn the tables on me, and always make yourself out to be in the right. It should be more like a generous person, which you call yourself—"

"Lord, Katy, when did I call myself so?" he exclaimed, with an amused countenance.

"And if you did not," she rejoined, pouting, "others say it of you. There's Lady Margaret there, who pities you because you married me."

"O Kate," I cried, "how can you tell so great a—I know not how to call it?"

"Well, you called him my poor husband, which cometh to the same thing."

This made Mr. Bugdon shake his sides with laughter; and Kate ran down the stairs, though he tried to bar her passage. I began then to perceive that if she had been less unreasonable he would not have been one half so happy. One man's meat is another's poison. This day's dispute was a sample of their conjugal differences. They are well-matched in the main; for his placid good-humour and her inflammable vivacity, like unto two opposite substances which fizz and make a pleasing draught when joined together by force of contact, produced an agreeable result. They were always of one mind on one point, and that was in their kindness to me; and also, despite her accusations, in devotion to their majesties.

It was well Mr. Bugdon had evinced prudence touching that said Hawkins; for he was soon afterwards seized, and on being racked in the Tower, confessed that he had attempted to borrow money for the Queen from the wealthy knight Sir Thomas Cook; and though he had refused to lend it, for not having disclosed Hawkins' designs therein he hath been accused of treason, and fined eight thousand marks.

In the course of the year I received a letter from the Queen, written soon after she had learnt the King's captivity. I think her father encouraged her to support this trouble with greater resignation than was her wont in trials wherein she was compelled to remain passive. Sir John Fortescue let me also to wit that for the present she was more calm, and fixed all her thoughts on the time when her son should be of an age to act in his father's name.

"She knoweth," he wrote, "that there is no possibility at this day for any new emprise; and for my part I thank God for this impossibility, which affords opportunity for my lord the prince to be exercised in learning and trained to habits of good nurture, which are uneasily acquired in a mode of life full of perils, hair-breadth scapes, and adventures unbefitting his young years. Howsoever, I deny not that he hath profited by the early teachings of adversity; for when I compare his towardness, wit, piety, and manliness with the temper and dispositions of other princes of his age, I thank God he doth far exceed any I see in this country. Blessed be God, as he groweth in stature, he also increaseth in all virtuous dispositions; but he is now of an age wherein discipline and assiduity to his school are of import to his advancement. I have begun to write for his highness's use a digest of the laws of England, wherewith to exercise him when he is older in sad

thought and reasonable studies. He inherits much of his father's gentleness and fondness for study; but light poesy, martial pageants and field sports, are like most to engage his fancy in this country, where men are as a rule, I think, more witty than wise, more brave than constant, more quick than profound. I pray you, my good lady—as I doubt not you can do much towards it—to dissuade the Queen from any rash attempts; for who knoweth that any untoward step should not prove fatal to the King, who, I doubt not, even in his dungeon finds a heaven in his sacred thoughts and virtuous resignation. The minstrels of this country, and yet more the Provençal bards—troubadours, I should say—excite her grace by their songs to take up arms, and exhort their king to espouse her quarrel. At a banquet at Aix his favourite poet thus addressed the King of Sicily:

‘Arouse thee, arouse thee, King René,  
Nor let sorrow thy spirits beguile;  
Thy daughter, the spouse of King Henry,  
Now weeps, now implores with a smile;’

and much more of the like stuff. But that poor monarch's affairs are in so distracted a condition, that one should as wisely ask him to invade the moon as England. Even the seneschal sees this to be true, and, like a good and a brave man as he is, hath resolved to quit the Queen, and resume the service of his natural sovereign, the French king. God reward him for his faithful sticking to her majesty in a needful time, and his no less faithful retirement when his presence at her small court is best dispensed with. Heaven speed him wherever he goeth! If anything could cause me to esteem the fooleries of knight-errantry, it would be the gallant spirit of the *Sieur de Brézé*, which hath been nurtured by its tenets. I commend myself to your ladyship, and very heartily desire to hear of your welfare.”

When tidings reached London that the so-called new Queen had been publicly proclaimed at Reading, and great honour done to her even by the Earl of Warwick, Kate was so angered that she would not eat or speak all the day. At the last she burst forth:

“Well, thank God there is one person in England more displeased and melancholy than I this day.”

“Who is it, sweetheart?” Mr. Bugdon asked.

“Why, proud Cis,” she answered, “the rose of Raby, Madame the King's mother. She is almost mad, I hear, to be forced to give place to Master Richard Woodville's daughter.”

“Ay; I remember he was the handsomest man in England, and the Duchess *Jacquetta* likewise an exceedingly handsome gentlewoman,” said Kate's luckless lord.

“My patience!” she exclaimed; “it is enough, sir, that a woman should have long yellow hair falling down to her knees for you to think her handsome! But handsome or not, that pair could never go beyond seas till now, or her brother, the Count Lewis of St. Pol, should have slain them; and a good thing it should have been.”



"Alas," I said to them, "what think you I have heard to-day? The Count of Charolais, after all that passed at Bruges not so much as one year ago, hath answered the so-called King's request that his new wife's foreign kinsfolk should attend her coronation by an assent. It makes my blood boil to think on it. Before long we shall hear, I ween, of a so-called Prince of Wales; and I warrant you this bold prince will not so much as wash his fingers in the same basin as that urchin."

"Master Dominic," Kate said, "hath promised the usurper that Mistress Bessie shall have a son. He is his favourite astrologer, and the most unsupportable old idiot in the whole world."

There our talk ended; but when five months later the birth of the so-called Queen's daughter took place, Kate was so pleased at the discomfiture of Master Dominic, that it made her quite merry.

"Ah, Lady Margery," she cried out, "my Lady Peacock, as we used to call her, that long-necked Isabel Butler, which hath shifted her allegiance, but not her lodgings, hath not, it seems, lost her sharp tongue. Ah me! I love her for that retort."

"What retort, sweet Kate?" I asked, well disposed to be entertained; for I was light of heart because the usurper had not a son.

"This one," quoth she. "Master Dominic craved to stand nigh to the door of the Lady Bessie's chamber, because he was resolved to be the first to spread the news of the birth of a prince. So when he heard the new-born child a-crying, he put his visage close to the keyhole, and asked, 'What hath her grace?' Then Lady Isabel's dulcet voice—don't you call its melodious tones to mind, Lady Margery?—cried through the hole, 'Whatsoever the queen's grace hath here within, sure 'tis a fool she hath standing without.' The poor man ran away, and hath not been seen at the palace since."

"'Tis a like speech for the Lady Isabel to have made," I said, laughing. "Persons are more constant to their humours than to their affections."

## English Premiers.

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### XI.—PITT AND ADDINGTON.

It is not easy to imagine a more striking contrast than that between Pitt and his successor as Prime Minister. They could hardly be called rivals. Addington was as commonplace as Pitt was superior to other men. "Pitt is to Addington as London to Paddington," said the lines which passed into a proverb. The new Premier had been chiefly remarkable for his urbanity and good sense in the discharge of an office which requires both—that of Speaker of the House of Commons. He took no part in the debates, and speakers on either side deferred to him with equal respect. But when he was obliged to stand alone, and take a decided line, his helplessness became apparent to everyone except himself. As a war-minister he could scarcely be inferior to Pitt. In all other matters the poverty of his talent was comparatively as well as positively deplorable. The Cabinet he formed ran no risks in consequence of the genius of its members. They were all safe men, if safety consists in being unable to create or to meet great occasions. They were barren in oratory at a time when parliamentary debates were most brilliant, and fruitless of resources in a crisis when unusual sagacity was required. Pitt promised to support the peace administration, for he was unwilling to lose entirely his hold on the helm of state. He kept his word, to the King's great satisfaction, and for a time his helping hand steadied the feeble Premier in his pride of place. Yet such was Addington's vanity that he took credit to himself for that transient success which was owing to the forbearance and countenance of his more powerful friend. To the King he was extremely obsequious, and George III. had a decided partiality for contracted foreheads. It was difficult to get the Pitts and the Foxes to run on the narrow gauge. For a short time, as we learn from Canning's songs, it became the fashion to praise moderate talents and moderate measures. Honest intentions were thought to make these the best for England's welfare, and Addington's career as premier derived some lustre from the success of Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt, and of Lord Nelson at Copenhagen. His repeal of the war-tax also, consequent on the Peace of Amiens, was highly

acceptable to the nation; opposition seemed dying away, and the fates did homage to his ascendant star. Many were tired of war, and welcomed a peace even with France. The blood-red fury of the Jacobins had exhausted itself, and hopes of a reaction in favour of law, order, and justice were sanguinely entertained. The opposition raised to the ministry by Grenville, and Windham was feeble; and if Pitt had only continued to throw his ægis over Addington, the very defects of his puppet would have counted in his favour.

It was not in the nature of things that such an alliance should last long. Pitt pined for power. It had become a habit to him, and had a charm above all other habits. When he found that he was less frequently consulted by the image of power which he had set up in the person of Addington, he felt that indignation which is natural to superior minds under such circumstances. His coldness and reserve became manifest, though he was careful to conceal his wounded feelings. To betray them would have been undignified and indecorous. He retired into the country, and overlooked various provocations. An article in the *Times*, in which Addington was thought to be concerned, angered him extremely. It charged him with skulking from office in the hour of danger, and abandoning his sovereign in a disgraceful manner. This was equally unjust and offensive; yet Pitt continued to visit Mr. Addington occasionally at Richmond, and awaited the moment for yielding to the importunity of the friends who urged him to return to power. Among these none was more remarkable than George Canning, and none served him with more fidelity and talent. The lively verses in which he ridiculed "the Doctor" were very telling, and aided even more than his vigorous speeches in shortening the Premier's ministerial existence. It was no easy matter to induce Pitt to withdraw his promises of support given to Addington and the King; but it was something to obtain from him, as Canning did, an admission that the time had arrived when it seemed to be his duty to resume his former position. So far he went, but he could not be prevailed on to go farther. He even protested against a memorial being drawn up and presented to the Prime Minister, by his confidential adherents, requesting him to resign for the good of the country, and give way to Pitt. In vain Canning pressed him with the argument, that Addington himself had on one occasion declared that he held office only as a *locum tenens* for Pitt. Meanwhile the horizon darkened. Napoleon's language grew menacing, and the public had no confidence in anyone but Pitt. He alone was accounted a match for the genius of Bonaparte; and the President of the Council, the Duke of Portland,

who believed himself to be dying, addressed an earnest letter to the King, entreating him to recall Pitt, as being "beyond all comparison the fittest man to be at the head of the Government in times of difficulty or peril." The reverses which had befallen the British arms under his administration had not disabused men of the idea that he alone could stem the aggressions of France.

What was clear to all men beside was invisible to Addington. He even proposed, through Dundas, recently created Viscount Melville, that Pitt should share with him the secretaryships of state, or take the Exchequer if he preferred it, while Lord Chatham or some other cipher should head the Cabinet. What a proposal to one who had been seventeen years Prime Minister with almost absolute power! Dundas—to use Wilberforce's words—"saw it would not do, and stopped abruptly. 'Really,' said Pitt with a sly severity—and it was almost the only sharp thing I ever heard him say of any friend—"I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be.'" A second proposal on the part of Addington proved equally abortive. He would resign the Treasury on condition of his being Secretary of State, and no sweeping change being made in the Administration. But Pitt's motto was "all or nothing;" and over and above his positive rejection of Mr. Addington's terms, he added that he would not seriously entertain the question of a return to office at all until he knew what was the King's mind on the subject. He must act, if he acted, under his commands, and he would say and do nothing that might look like forcing a ministry on his royal master. It cannot be denied that this bearing and language were very honourable, and exonerate him from the blame which was thrown on his conduct. The King was offended both with Addington and Pitt for discussing the question without his sanction, and he reflected most on the latter, who was the least culpable. He even complained that the great statesman wanted to put the Crown in commission, and "carried his plan of removals so extremely far and so high that it might reach *him*"!

On the 22d of May 1803 the House of Commons took into consideration a royal message of singular importance. The encroaching policy of France had become intolerable, and the King had requested the support of Parliament in resisting it. Two hundred new members were present, and the fame of Pitt's eloquence made them eager to hear him for the first time in his own place on a subject of absorbing interest. Previous speakers were heard with impatience, and there was a loud and almost universal cry of "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!" What he really said we shall never know, for the shorthand reporters were excluded. Lord Stanhope tells us that when he sat down, "there followed three of the longest, most eager, and

most enthusiastic bursts of applause he ever heard in any place on any occasion." Fox, his rival, who disapproved his policy, told the House with his usual generosity, that if Demosthenes had been present, "he must have admired, and might have envied" the orator. His peroration, which occupied half an hour, was in a strain of the most powerful declamation, never lowered for an instant. It was rightly construed by society into a negative censure on the ministry of Addington. Fox's speech on the following night lasted from ten till one. It was free from his frequent fault of repetition, and abounded in wit and humour. It contained no bursts of passion, but it charmed the audience more than his usual strain by its calm tone and reasoning pleasantry.

But Addington still achieved the task of government. He spoke very poorly, while Pitt and Fox charmed listening senates and took the hearts of men by storm. He was premier by sufferance, while a flotilla of gun-boats waited at Boulogne and other ports to convey a hundred thousand soldiers of the greatest general in the world to the British coast. But England was prepared for his coming. Besides the regular army, 380,000 volunteers and yeomen were enrolled. Old men rushed to arms with the ardour of youth; and Pitt himself, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, was ready to command 3000 volunteers. Poets kindled the enthusiasm of patriots; and the songs of Campbell, Wordsworth, and Walter Scott rung in their ears like martial music. Martello towers rose along the south and south-eastern coasts; but what were they compared to the dauntless breasts of half a million of Britons?

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep."\*

There, indeed, was her strength. Her fleets were more powerful than those of France. If the destroyer had landed, the king of England, it is well known, would have met him at the head of his army.† It might not have been so easy as Fox fancied to storm the capital, though it must be owned that Colonel Erskine's corps, the Devil's Own, and the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, called the Devil's Invincibles, were not placed exactly under the highest and best patronage.

In the spring of 1804 Addington had become highly obnoxious both to Fox and Pitt. Each of those statesmen, Fox in his correspondence and Pitt in his speeches, inveighed against Ministers

\* Campbell, "Ye Mariners of England."

† Letter of George III. to the Bishop of Worcester, Nov. 30, 1803.

in the bitterest and most sarcastic language. Fox, indeed, was lavish of contemptuous epithets when writing of "the Doctor," as Canning had nicknamed Addington in allusion to his father's profession. He also reflected on Pitt in caustic terms, under the erroneous impression that his rival was only playing a game. It is certain, however, that he behaved with perfect sincerity. He opposed the Addington Administration at the last single-handed, but he would not do so in concert with Fox and the Grenvilles. He preferred standing alone, lest his subsequent movements should be hampered. By the middle of April Addington saw clearly the necessity of recruiting his forces or of beating a retreat. He adopted a middle course, and with the hope of conciliating Pitt, wrote to him requesting that he would state through a friend his opinion respecting the position of affairs, and the best means of framing an efficient ministry. To this foolish request Pitt returned the haughty answer which might have been expected. Neither to Mr. Addington himself, nor for his information, nor to any intermediate friend, would he make any communication on the subject. If the King should command his advice, it would be stated without reserve. Pitt's letter was laid before the King, and Lord Eldon was chosen as the fittest person to negotiate with the ex-minister. It was no easy matter. Pitt on several occasions had slighted his sovereign, and it is doubtful whether George III. ever knew that the invitation which he had sent him when the Court was at Weymouth had never been delivered. He regarded Pitt also as an ally of Fox and the Whigs, as playing into the hands of the Prince of Wales, then Fox's friend and patron, and as having leagued with all these to overthrow the ministry of Addington, which his Majesty delighted to honour because it excluded all the cleverest men of the day.

There were thus three parties opposed to the existing Administration—that of Pitt, who was for peace in 1802, and for war in 1803; that of Grenville and Windham, who had opposed the peace of Amiens; and that of Fox, who had resisted the renewal of hostilities. In this, however, they all agreed, that Addington was unequal to the task either of concluding a peace or waging a war; and having thus a point of agreement and a common cause, it was natural and proper that Pitt should endeavour to combine their several talents in one compact and imposing ministry. An enemy of giant stature was plotting and arming against our national existence; and little time was left for party politics or internal change. The Cabinet which Pitt would form should include the first men of the time. There Grenville and Windham should unite under higher sanction than had hitherto united them; there Fox and Lord Eldon, despite

their wide differences, should stand side by side; there Grey and Castlereagh should alike support the throne; while the wit and fancy of Canning and Sheridan would skirmish, like light cavalry, in the van of Pitt's heavier fire. To most kings such a Cabinet would have been highly acceptable, since it comprised all parties, and converted opponents into friends. But George III. was unalterably prejudiced against Fox, and believed his liberal principles to be dangerous alike to religion and the State. All who stood nearest to royalty feared that if Fox's admission to office were pressed upon him, it would cause a relapse into lunacy. On the 7th of May Lord Eldon called on Pitt at his residence at No. 14 York-place, and took him in his own coach to Buckingham House. He would not be admitted into the royal presence till he had obtained from the physicians in attendance answers in writing to questions, written down also, respecting the effect which his conversation might have on the King's health. He found George III., as we have already seen, compliant on all matters excepting Fox's return; and he was so complimentary that, when Pitt congratulated him on his looking so much better than he did after his illness in 1801, he said: "It is not to be wondered at. I was then on the point of parting with an old friend, and I am now about to regain one." Pitt was obliged to communicate to Fox the result of his interview with the King. Fox behaved well. He betrayed neither anger nor surprise. He was too old, he said, to care for office; but he should advise his faithful friends to support the Administration, and he trusted that Pitt would be able to find places for them. To this the new Premier readily assented, and a meeting was to take place between "the mighty chiefs" the next day. Unfortunately it never came off, for a gathering of Fox's friends was held the same evening at Carlton House—then the head-quarters of the Whig army—and at this they decided that, their leader being excluded from the government, they would take no part in it themselves. The King saw "with astonishment" that the Opposition assembled in the palace of his son and heir; but he need not have been apprehensive. It would have been a relief to him if he could have foreseen the perfidy which he would have ascribed to the prince's returning wisdom. Lord Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister, stood aloof with Fox from the new Administration, and Pitt was sorely puzzled how to construct a cabinet out of the poor materials left in his hands. Addington meanwhile delivered up the seals of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and refused the peerage for himself, and the pension for his wife, which the King earnestly pressed on his acceptance. It was not long before he was reconciled to Pitt, for whom he had always a



strong affection. It was mortifying to him to be passed by his old friend in the parks without a bow; and when he found one day to his surprise that Pitt greeted him, he showed every disposition to meet his successor half way. In the December of 1804 they met at Combe Wood, the seat of Lord Hawkesbury, afterwards Lord Liverpool, which was situated between Pitt's villa on Putney Heath and Addington's residence in Richmond Park. Their interview passed off very pleasantly; and the *redintegratio amorum* was sealed by a conversation of three hours on the first day, and one hour on the second. "I am sure," Pitt said to Wilberforce very soon after, "you are glad to hear that Addington and I are one again. I think they are a little hard upon us in finding fault with our making it up, when we have been friends from our childhood, and our fathers were so before us; while they say nothing to Grenville for uniting with Fox, though they have been fighting all their lives."

William Pitt may well be placed beside those whom Juvenal and Johnson adduced as examples of the vanity of human wishes. His second administration brought him down with sorrow to the grave. The prestige of his former rule was abated, and his majority was reduced. His burden of daily toil was increased by the incompetency of his fellow-labourers. He had not a single cabinet colleague ever heard in debate, nor indeed any auxiliary at all save Dundas, now Lord Melville,\* who was charged with peculation, censured by the House of Commons, and ejected from the Admiralty. It was a heavy blow for Pitt, whose feelings on such misdemeanors were highly sensitive. His voice faltered in Parliament when he spoke of it, his lips quivered, and, calm as he was usually, he almost wept. Indeed, Lord Fitzharris distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks when, in the course of the proceedings against Melville, the Speaker gave the casting vote against the Government. Melville was his old friend, and the disgrace he incurred himself and brought on his colleagues tended, in Lord Fitzharris's opinion, to shorten Pitt's life. War with Spain followed war with France; and disasters and disgraces trod on each other's heels. The King became blind, or nearly so, in his sixty-seventh year. A cataract had formed over one eye by the end of June 1805, and a second was forming over the other. But this affliction did not make him more compliant as regards the admission of Fox into the cabinet. On the 17th of September the Premier made another effort to bend the royal purpose in this matter, but without success. Addington had in January been created Lord Sidmouth, and sworn in as President of the Privy Council; but he

\* Brougham's *Historical Sketches*, Marquess Wellesley.

soon forgot his altered position, and took upon himself to interfere in the administration in a manner unsuited to Pitt's supremacy and haughty disposition. He almost quarrelled with the Prime Minister again; and because he could not have his own way in the appointment of Melville's successor as First Lord of the Admiralty, he resigned with several of his friends. Nothing could be more undignified than the mode of his retirement. He forced his conversation on the King for more than an hour. The Prince of Wales called him (with a past participle which we will not repeat) "that insignificant puppy;" and what George III. called him, when "plagued to death" by his prosiness, is only to be expressed by asterisks. It was necessary to fill up the vacant places, and the opportunity for restoring Fox to his natural eminence seemed admirable. But the blind old King was determined, he said, to have nothing more to do with Fox or Grenville: he could not trust them, and they could have no confidence in him. In the preceding May they had brought forward anew their measure for the relief of Irish Catholics. But their motion was thrown out in the Commons by a majority of 336 against 124. Pitt allowed that he was still in favour of Catholic Emancipation, but stated also that, so long as the King and popular feeling were opposed to it, he should continue to resist it and to deprecate the question being agitated. What George III. felt on the subject is too evident from the following note written by him to Pitt from Kew on the 15th of May 1805.

"The King is most extremely rejoiced at the great majority with which Mr. Fox's motion for a committee on the Catholic petition has been rejected, and he trusts that such decided majorities in both Houses of Parliament so strongly show the sense of the kingdom on this most essential question—which his Majesty is convinced, if the opinions of the people without doors could be known, would prove a still larger majority on this occasion—that he trusts it will never be brought forward again.

G. R."

Pitt's war policy during his second tenure of power was as fruitless as during his first. The coalition which he formed against Napoleon, far from humbling his pride and checking his ravages, was the means of extending his empire and his fame. The vows which the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia made over the tomb of Frederick the Great, and which were expected to work such momentous results, proved as inept as Pitt's scheme for the liberation of the prostrate States of Germany. Though leagued with Austria, Sweden, and Great Britain, they were unable to cope with the new modes of French warfare, the fiery battalions, and the transcendent genius of the little Corsican. He masked his designs with consum-

mate skill ; broke up the camp he had formed for the invasion of England ; advanced by rapid marches to the borders of Germany ; achieved in a week's campaign the total humiliation of the Prussian monarchy ;\* defeated General Mack at the head of a large Austrian army at Ulm ; and finally, by the victory of Austerlitz, stretched the continent of Europe bleeding and suppliant at his feet. To the rapid course of these terrible disasters Pitt was fatally sensitive. Sickness and misery became daily more clearly depicted in his face. When the news of Mack's defeat arrived, he refused to believe it ; but on the 3d of November, having received a Dutch paper in which the capitulation of Ulm was inserted, he and Lord Mulgrave, not being able to read Dutch, carried it to Lord Malmesbury in Spring Gardens. He translated it for them, and "observed," as he says in his Diaries, "but too clearly the effect it had on Pitt." Four days later came the joyful tidings of the victory of Trafalgar ; and the people of London, excited by the event, made the most of their triumph on the sea because there was so little to boast of by land. Taking the horses out of the Premier's carriage, they drew it up Cheapside and King-street ; but he heard their shouts and the pealing of the church-bells with conflicting emotions. He lay awake by night, pondering the probable consequences of the defeat at Ulm. Early in December he repaired to Bath, in hopes that the waters would refresh him for the coming session. Here he was visited with his father's malady, the gout, and had not the consolation of finding it a cure for other complaints. There, too, Canning came with the report of Bonaparte's victory at Austerlitz, and this news was too much for Pitt's fast-drooping strength. The coalition was dissolved, and what hope was left for the liberty of nations ? He called for a map of the seat of war, and desired to be left alone. A look of misery, which Wilberforce called his "Austerlitz look," came over his face, and never left it till every trace of human passion was melted down in death's "rapture of repose." Every day he became more emaciated, and his friends could hardly recognise him. By slow journeys he returned from Bath to his villa on Putney Heath. Sir Walter Farquhar, his physician, accompanied him, and on the 11th of January 1806 he arrived. His niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, received him, not without the sad conviction that his days were numbered. Austerlitz had struck at his heart. He passed a map of Europe on the way to his bedchamber, and said, turning to Lady Hester, "Roll up that map ; it will not be wanted these ten years." Though he rallied a little, he felt that he should

\* Bourrienne, *Mémoires*, chap. 29.

not recover, and he complained of that "general giving way," which is the surest forerunner of dissolution.

Lord Wellesley, who had just concluded his brilliant career as governor in India, visited the dying man, and was charmed alike by his kindness and conversation. Of Wellesley's brother Arthur, afterwards Duke of Wellington, Pitt said, "I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service; but none after he has undertaken it." Before Wellesley left the room, Pitt had fainted with the exertion and excitement of talking on congenial topics. His political friends were now forbidden to speak with him, and the heart of the patriot premier had time to break. He might, indeed, have cast the burden of his country's affairs on the great Disposer and Ruler of nations. He might have hoped that out of England a leader would arise capable of confronting the hero of Austerlitz, of checking his ravages, routing his hosts, and chaining him at last to a rock in the Atlantic. But he could not foresee that the very Arthur of whom he had been speaking was destined to do more than repair his country's losses, to crush for ever the power of the enemy of nationalities, and to reconstruct Europe. He might have trusted that marvellous restoration would follow such fierce destruction. But hope was drowning, and trust was wrecked in a sea of trouble. It was a strange sight. The First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer was, by the concurrent testimony of his dearest friends, dying of a broken heart. "Pitt was killed by the enemy," Wilberforce wrote, "as truly as Nelson." It was a strange sight in several ways. The son of Chatham, who, with genius and fame scarce less than his father's, had governed England during nineteen years, was struggling for existence in a hired villa by the road-side. The beautiful residence at Holwood in Kent, which he had once owned, where he pruned and dug with his own hands among the charms of natural scenery, had been sold to pay his debts five years before; and as he lay on his couch of pain he could see the palace-like lodge where Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, was living, and was yet to live nearly forty years, in the midst of dignities and splendour. There was little perhaps in the contrast to sadden Pitt's heart, for the honours which he had earned were of a far more durable kind than those which had descended on Sidmouth. But when the spirits are already sinking, trifles however light in themselves add to the inward burden and make it intolerable. When Rose visited him on the 19th of January, he found him in tears, while his features betrayed the most poignant grief. When Parliament reassembled, his place was vacant, and his political foes were

too generous to make any attack on him at such a moment. Fox evinced much feeling when he alluded to his alarming illness; and the campaign which the Opposition had intended to open was postponed. The 23d came, and the Bishop of Lincoln, apprising Pitt of his danger, pressed him to prepare for death by receiving the sacrament. But Pitt had not strength equal to the service, and accepted only the Bishop's invitation to prayer.\* He feared, he said, that he had neglected it too much to allow him to hope that it would now be very efficacious; but he added, clasping his hands with much fervour, "I throw myself entirely upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ." The words, however, are not in Pitt's style; and though one would be sorry to doubt the Bishop of Lincoln as an informant, there appears to be great reason to suspect that they never were uttered. The discrepancy between the several accounts of Pitt's last moments are very considerable; and it is evident that reporters put into his mouth language which they wished him to breathe, or which they thought likely to come from him. He had always conformed to customary religious observances, but had never professed any special conviction of divine truth. Wilberforce, who knew him so well, attached no credence to the stories that were told of his pious end. His nephew, the Hon. J. H. Stanhope, has left an interesting account of his closing hours—the affectionate farewell which he took of Lady Hester, "his angelic mildness" to his physician and all who attended his bedside, his incoherent thoughts on the affairs of his country, and the love and concern he expressed for England with his last breath: but when we compare this narrative with other testimonies, and make all the needful deductions, the residuum presents little that is remarkable, and less that is satisfactory.† The dazzling brightness which had encircled his forehead in the senate faded away when he entered the valley of the shades of death. "It is a singular and melancholy circumstance," says Lord Brougham, "resembling the stories told of William the Conqueror's deserted state at his decease, that some one in the neighbourhood having sent a messenger to inquire after Mr. Pitt's state, he found the wicket open, then the door of the house, and nobody answering the bell, he walked through the rooms till he reached the bed on which the Minister's body lay lifeless, the sole tenant of the mansion, of which the doors, a few hours before, were darkened by crowds of suitors alike obsequious and importunate, the vultures whose instinct haunts the carcasses only of living ministers."‡

\* Gifford's *Life of Pitt*, vol. vi. pp. 806, 807.

† Jesse's *Memoirs of George III.*, iii. 468, note; *Westminster Review*, xxii. 33, note.

‡ Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches*.

The 23d of January, on which Pitt's earthly career ended, was, as I have said, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when he took his seat in Parliament. Centuries will elapse before his labours in that quarter of a century are forgotten. His remains were worthy of the highest honour, and the House of Commons showed no disposition to withhold it. A public funeral at the cost of the nation was voted, and 40,000*l.* for the payment of his debts. The motion for this outlay was carried by a majority of 288 to 89; and if Fox was one of those who opposed it, he did so with the utmost delicacy and good feeling. St. Edward the Confessor died within the walls of the Painted Chamber at Westminster; the remains of Chatham rested there on their way to the adjoining Abbey; and there also the body of William Pitt lay in state on the 20th and 21st of February 1806. It would be long to tell the names of those princes of the blood, peers, bishops, and commoners, who followed him to the tomb with unfeigned grief. Six persons who had been, or were to be, prime ministers were among the number,—Lords Sidmouth, Grenville, and Liverpool, Spencer Perceval, Canning, and Sir Arthur Wellesley. No one in the mournful train—perhaps not even Wellington excepted—will be remembered longer by posterity than William Wilberforce. He supported the banner of the crest of Pitt; and to his eye the face of the father seemed to be looking down in fearful concern on the grave that was opened for the son. Well might Lord Wellesley, who also was present, ask: "What grave contains such a father and such a son? What sepulchre embosoms the remains of so much excellence and glory?" The disinterested patriotism of the elder had certainly descended to the younger, and the herald could not be accused of flattery when he pronounced over him this eulogium: *Non sibi sed patrie vixit.*

Of Pitt's public character little more need be said. He was thoroughly grand and English in his designs; and by his majestic composure and power of debate he gave to every measure he adopted a momentum difficult to resist. If his will had not been controlled by that of Parliament and of the sovereign, he might have pursued a consistent and grander course. He might have reformed the representation as others have done after him, and as he proposed to do on three several occasions. He might have abolished the Test Acts, and have taken Catholic members of Parliament by the hand and conducted them to their seats in the legislature. He might have completed the work of Negro emancipation, have developed the views of Sir Robert Walpole on Free Trade more fully, and have anticipated the measures of Sir Robert Peel. All this it was in his heart to do; but in social advance, as in the processes of nature,

many seeds are lost, many buds are nipped. Sunny days predict summer long before the fruit-season arrives; and it often happens that a statesman who has only made vigorous efforts in a good direction has amply accomplished the purpose of his being.

Less is recorded of Pitt's private habits than might have been expected in so great a man. His carelessness in the management of his large official income, which left him, though a bachelor without very expensive tastes, deeply in debt at his death, is unfortunately too well known. Lord Stanhope, Macaulay, and Gifford have gathered up almost all that is known respecting him, and have drawn largely for their information on diaries and correspondence, such as those of Wilberforce, Rose, Lord Malmesbury, and Lord Colchester. Had he been more genial, there would be a larger stock of anecdotes illustrating his personal tastes. But his manners were chilly; and his figure, tall and stately, but not graceful, seemed to repel too near an approach. He could be polite, and even gracious, but he did not abound in smiles. He inspired respect rather than love; and it is remarkable that one so gifted with the power of endurance should have sunk at last under "the blows of circumstance." When a discussion arose one day in his presence on the quality most needed in a prime minister, one said eloquence, another knowledge, and a third labour; but Pitt exclaimed, "No; patience." The harder lines in his character are softened by the kindness of heart evinced in his letters to his mother, and in the concern he took in the trifles which affected her happiness. After his decease Mr. Brougham assailed his memory with fierce invective in a speech at Liverpool.\* He was "immortal," he said, "in the miseries of his devoted country; immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties; immortal in the cruel wars which sprung from his cold, miscalculating ambition." But that ardent and then youthful reformer would now probably in extreme old age regard the picture he drew of Pitt's infamy as too highly coloured, and would, if he retouched it, tone it down to that more venerable and faithful portrait in which friends and foes alike now concur in finding the real likeness. "Like the Arthur of romance, William Pitt was a blameless gentleman."† "In all my researches in ancient and modern times," wrote Gibbon, "I have nowhere met with his parallel—who at so early a period of life discharged so important a trust with so much credit to himself and with so much advantage to his country."

\* In reply to Canning.

† *Nugæ Criticæ*, by Shirley, p. 386.



## Marie Antoinette in the Temple.

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THE literature of the French Revolution seems to be inexhaustible. We are continually receiving fresh additions to our stock of minute information concerning it, and it seems likely that the accumulation of memoirs and documents which is ever on the increase will gradually make us acquainted with more personal histories connected with it than with any other catastrophe of the kind that the world has ever seen. Foremost, of course, in interest among the tragic features of that terrible drama must be placed all that relates to Louis XVI. and his unfortunate family. The king himself is well enough known to us all—good, honest, somewhat commonplace if it were not for the passive virtues brought out in him by his sufferings, pious, weak, too diffident in himself, too credulous in the intentions and assurances of others. Marie Antoinette is becoming more known than she was—her letters have been published, and her character vindicated from the stains which had been cast upon it; Madame Elisabeth is a clearly drawn figure by the side of her brother and his wife; and M. de Béauchesne, in his *Life of Louis XVII.*, has brought together all that can possibly be desired about the history of the Dauphin. This book is, indeed, one of the most perfect works of its kind that it has ever been our lot to meet with. No history of the French Revolution is, in certain respects, equal to this, in which the central figure is a child, born "in the purple" only, as it were, to have a title to the crown of a martyr rather than of a monarch, and to be the single victim of all those who perished in that dreadful visitation who was at once the most innocent and the most helpless, and whose slow agony touches us the most deeply. The book reads like one of the most solemn and pathetic of the Greek tragedies—only that we see the chastisement broken by a thousand gleams of mercy and tenderness, and the sufferings of the devoted family elevated, soothed, and gilded by Christian faith, resignation, and the charity which forgives and prays for its murderers.

We hope to return ere long to this fascinating book, which tells the tale we have so often heard without being weary of it in a way which makes us feel as if it had never been told before. At present we have room but for a single scene—which illustrates, indeed, no very remarkable feature in the character of Marie Antoinette—for it can hardly be called remarkable that a mother should refuse to quit her children under the circumstances in which the royal family found themselves after the execution of the King. Still, when we draw for ourselves the picture of the noble and haughty daughter of Maria

Teresa, and mourn over her tragic end at the guillotine, we do not always remember that but for her own choice, she might have been freed from the Temple before the time when there was no longer a chance that her life might be spared. After the murder of her husband, the Queen never deceived herself as to the fate reserved for her by her enemies; and she might easily have foreseen, during the few months which passed before her son was torn from her, that they would not long be allowed to share their captivity one with another, and her presence elsewhere, animating the Vendean revolt or even in the armies of the emigrants, might have served powerfully to advance the cause of her son.

This, indeed, strikes us throughout the whole of the story of Louis XVI. and his family. It is less the history of a king, queen, prince, and princess, than that of husband and wife, parents and children. Louis, as it seems, was not at first passionately fond of his wife: his nature, perhaps, was not of the most expansive or impressible character. Nevertheless, when adversities begin, and the clouds gather ever darker and thicker over the devoted house, the life of its members is the simple happy existence of a most affectionate family. Their first and only thought seems to be to keep together. Indeed the King's domestic character stood seriously in the way of the only hope that dawned on him of escaping the fate that was prepared for him. The flight towards Montmédy, which was stopped at Varennes, failed almost entirely on this account. It would have been perfectly easy for the King to have got away from Paris alone, or for the Queen and the Dauphin to have been placed, as De Bouillé proposed, in security. But it was an indispensable condition that the family should be kept together, and so the celebrated *berline* was built on purpose—very much as if Louis Philippe had had a man-of-war built to cross the Channel in. The amount of preparation required for the journey made it a matter of public conversation before the attempt was made, and yet it almost seems as if a little more punctuality and a little more resolution in the endurance of hardships might have brought the royal family safe to their destination. We can imagine how very differently a Bonaparte would have managed his business under the same circumstances. So again, when we read the account of the quiet domestic life led by the royal family in the Temple, the hours arranged for reading and devotion, the King himself undertaking the education of the children, the Queen and Madame Elisabeth sitting up at night to mend the clothes, we are struck with the thought how very little more would have been requisite to make them perfectly happy as they were, and what a contrast Louis XVI., with his book in his little room in the turret, dignified by the name of *cabinet de lecture*, presents to the uneasy Prometheus of the Empire, chained to his rock in the centre of the Atlantic.

Our increasing knowledge of the details of the Revolution confirms those anticipations we might naturally have formed as to the great admixture of good elements in what looks at first sight as a boiling sea of vice, crime, and barbarity. More than half the people were dragged into the vortex against their will, and acted unwill-

lingly and from fear alone in the scenes of violence which have become historic. We can never be sure of any one. We might have supposed, for instance, that the barber who dressed the hair of the head of the *Princesse de Lamballe* when it was to be carried on a pike and presented at the window of the Temple for Marie Antoinette to recognise, must have been almost as great a barbarian as the men who exposed her body to insult, tore out her heart, and ate it. On the contrary, the barber was a royalist, and probably saved the life of a friend of the Princess, who had taken refuge in his shop, and fainted at the news of her death, by standing before her and pushing her into a back room, while he conversed coolly with the murderers. Thus we find that even among the *commissaires* of the Commune appointed to keep up the vexatious inspection to which the royal family was exposed, men were found who not only sympathised with them, but were ready to risk their own lives in their service. Two of these commissioners, Lepitre and Toulan, had been won over to the royal cause, even before the trial and death of Louis XVI., by the patience and resignation which they had witnessed in the prisoners of the Temple. They managed to be on guard together, by arranging, without apparent concert, to take the turns which their colleagues generally avoided, the Saturdays and Sundays; and they also contrived that their single companion—whoever he might be—(for there were always three commissioners on the watch)—should have the day service, and leave them the night, when there was less difficulty in friendly communications with the Queen and Madame Elisabeth, who were thus supplied with papers and intelligence, and able to send messages to their friends. Toulan had the great fortune to be able to get for Marie Antoinette what were in her eyes the most precious of treasures: the King's ring, and seal, and some locks of hair—her own, his sister's, and his children's—which he had carried about him till the very last, and committed to the charge of the faithful Cléry just before his execution. They had been sealed up, and placed in the room which he had occupied; but Toulan managed to subtract them, and leave counterfeits in their place. Toulan was the friend who conceived the plan for the escape of the Queen, Madame Elisabeth, and the children, which was almost successful in the course of the March of 1793. Marie Antoinette placed him in communication with the Chevalier de Jarjays, a perfectly devoted royalist officer, and Lepitre was also admitted to their confidence. The two ladies were to be dressed as men, and to have pass-cards furnished them, which it was perfectly easy for Lepitre to procure. The difficulty was about the children; but this was not insurmountable. It so happened that there was a lamplighter who had the charge of the lights in the Temple, and so entered and left it every evening, just about the time of a change of the guard; and this man had two children who often accompanied and helped him, and who were about the age and height of the young Prince and his sister. So it was arranged that a friend of M. de Jarjays should dress himself in the same way and come to the tower, after the guard had been relieved. The real lamplighter would have gone before this had taken

place; then the disguised gentleman was to be severely reprimanded by Toulan for sending his children to do his work for him, and to be dismissed amid a storm of reproaches with Louis XVII. and his sister under his charge. M. de Jarjays undertook to provide for their safety when they were once out of the Temple. There was no fear about passports, for Lepitre himself was president of the Committee by whom they were ordinarily issued.

The plan might easily have been executed, at least as far as concerned Marie Antoinette and Madame Elisabeth; but unfortunately it was conceived a few days too late. It had been determined to try it on the 8th of March. Before that day came, the successes of the Austrians at Aix-la-Chapelle, Maestricht, and Liège caused great disturbance in Paris, and a clamour was raised to close the gates of the city against persons desirous of leaving it. The last struggle between the Girondists and the Mountain was beginning—and the general alarm and excitement forced the men in power to be unusually vigilant over their important captives in the Temple, especially over the young King. Dumouriez was denounced in the Convention on the 12th of March; La Vendée rose at last the day after. The friends of the royal family gave up in despair their hopes of rescuing Louis XVII.; but they plied his mother with every possible argument and entreaty to induce her to save her life for his sake and her own, by a timely flight. They informed her of what was now a matter of current talk in Paris, the intention to bring her to trial and execution. Madame Elisabeth, with noble self-forgetfulness, joined her prayers to those of Toulan. At length the Queen yielded—or appeared to yield—and the day was appointed. That night Madame Royale—the girl who was afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only one of the prisoners of the Temple who was to survive her captivity—lay awake in her bed, and as her door was half open, she heard what passed between her mother and her aunt as they sat by the bedside of the sleeping boy. "God grant," said Marie Antoinette, "that this child may be happy!" "He will be happy," said Madame Elisabeth, and she pointed to his face,—bright, sweet, and noble. "Youth is short, as joy is short: happiness, like every thing else, comes to an end. And you, my sister, when and how shall I see you again?—no, it cannot be, it cannot be." Marie Antoinette had given up her plan of escape: nothing could induce her to leave her children. When Toulan came the next day, full of his great enterprise, he found her changed. He would reproach her, she said, but she had reflected. "Here there is nothing to be feared but danger—death is better than remorse." She told him afterwards that she should die unhappy if she had not proved to him her gratitude. "I shall die very unhappy, madame," he answered, "if I have not been able to prove to you my devotion." He was to perish on the guillotine in little more than a year. The Queen gave him a letter to M. de Jarjays, in which she thanked him for his faithfulness, and committed to his charge the relics which Toulan had procured for her, and which she too well knew that she would not live long to keep herself. The seal and the locks of hair were

to be sent to the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), and the ring, with the hair of the King, to the Comte d'Artois.

Two months later, another plan was devised for the rescue of the royal family. Toulan and Lepitre, with some others like them, had been removed from the list of commissioners on account of the denunciations of Tison, though the plot which they had contrived was never discovered. Things were getting worse and worse in Paris: the Girondists had been sacrificed, the Mountain and Robespierre were victorious. Marie Antoinette had still a friend among the commissioners—Michonis. He saw too plainly that the danger to her life was increasing, and he entered into communication with the Baron de Batz, a most determined and intrepid royalist, who stayed in Paris at the risk of his head solely for the purpose of serving the royal cause. He had almost organised a rescue for Louis XVI. himself on his way to the scaffold, and he now arranged a singularly bold plan for the deliverance of his family. He kept himself hid, chiefly, in the house of Cortey, a grocer, a captain of the National Guard of the terrible "Section Lepelletier," who was his sworn friend, and he had also gained Chrétien, one of the jury of the Revolutionary Tribunal. This man managed to get Cortey appointed as one of the commanders of the guard of the Temple; and with Michonis the commissioner within the tower, and Cortey the commanding officer of the guard without, at his disposal, De Batz seemed likely to have every chance for accomplishing his purpose. The plan was very simple and daring, for it supposed the faithfulness of a great number of persons. The whole number of men—about thirty—on guard during two hours—from midnight till two in the morning—were in the secret; uniforms were to be introduced into the tower, which the Queen and Madame Elisabeth were to put on. The sentinels were to say nothing when Cortey, as commander, ordered the opening of the gates, and a whole patrol was to march out, in the middle of which the children were to be placed. This plot, again, was never detected; but warning was given in a mysterious way to Simon, a personal enemy of Michonis, and, like him, one of the Commissioners of the Commune, that treachery was intended, and half-an-hour before midnight, when every thing was prepared, Simon appeared with an order that the command of the tower was to be placed in his own hands. De Batz, who had managed to be enrolled under a false name in the company under the command of Cortey, had the presence of mind to escape undetected: Michonis gave up his command with the most perfect self-possession, and was able the next day to persuade his colleagues that the alarm had been a false one, got up out of spite by Simon. But the opportunity was lost for ever. A few weeks after, the poor young Prince was torn from his mother and the other captives, and put under the charge of the hateful Simon; and in the January of the next year, almost exactly twelve months after the death of her husband, Marie Antoinette herself fell under the guillotine,—which she might have escaped if she could have parted from her children.

## A Voice from Kensal Green.

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ANY one who may write the life of the late Cardinal Wiseman will have to record how that eminent person was subjected at various times, if not to the very extremes of general popularity and disfavour, at least to very marked changes of position in the regard and esteem of Englishmen in general. At the time when he first became prominent in this country, after leaving Rome, where he had resided for so many of the best years of his life, Dr. Wiseman was far from unpopular: and he could probably have told any one interested in the subject a good deal as to the courtesies which he received at that period from men in high station and office, who were afterwards to make themselves conspicuous in hounding on the general rage against him which was occasioned by the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy. When that great ecclesiastical Act was accomplished by the Holy See, the Cardinal in whom Rome, as it were, was embodied in England, became the object of insult and hatred; and many years passed before his unpopularity died away, partly conquered by the courage and honesty of his bearing, partly exhausted by its own temporary and forced intensity. When Cardinal Wiseman died, he was not only more than half forgiven—he was respected and admired. His death completed the change in the public feeling, and his funeral was a real triumph. Since his death, he has had a stranger lot than ever in his life. For his name has come to be invoked by the adversaries of the very cause for which he laboured so earnestly: and it is on this strange phenomenon,—the *Saturday Review* and the *Union Review* marching against us, as it were, with the relics of Cardinal Wiseman borne aloft in the van of their array,—that we propose now to offer a few remarks.

Every one acquainted with the circumstance of the religious movement in England which has been so remarkable a feature in the history of our times is aware that Dr. Wiseman greeted the rise of Tractarianism with characteristic hopefulness. It was his nature to see the bright side of every thing that he came across, and his deep piety and faith, and his Roman breadth of view on theological subjects, made it easy for him to come to conclusions—from which narrow-minded and inexperienced theologians instinctively shrank—both as to

the good faith of those involuntarily external to the Church, and the power of divine grace to bring about the happiest results from small beginnings and under untoward circumstances. In this respect his thoroughly Roman training worked most happily in seconding and guiding his naturally sanguine temperament. We could say much more on this attractive subject, were it not our business to confine ourselves to the line taken by Dr. Wiseman with regard to the Oxford movement. As to this, he was, as we have said, hopeful from the first, before others had discerned in it more than a natural reaction against Liberalism and Evangelicalism within the limits of the recognised Anglican "orthodoxy." He at once saw that an Angel was stirring the ordinarily dead waters of a stagnant pool, and he did his best to further the good work. He exerted himself particularly to obtain Catholic prayers for the conversion of England; and in 1845, while he was still Coadjutor of the Midland District, he addressed a letter to the Bishops of France urging on them to order public devotions for this object. We need hardly, however, enumerate the efforts, public and private, made by him for the furtherance of this end. What we are more particularly concerned with is his celebrated Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury on *Catholic Unity*, published in 1841, not long after the crisis in the Oxford movement—the publication of Tract 90.

It would, we think, be almost worth while to republish this Letter, not only for the sake of confuting the false conclusions which some writers of the present day seem inclined to draw from it, but also on account of the intrinsic value of much that it contains. We may as well first speak of the misrepresentations to which it has given rise. We take the *Saturday Review* first. The Catholic readers of that Review are well aware that, however great may be the ability and even the impartiality of some of its writers on ordinary subjects, any statement of importance that is to be found in its columns with regard to Catholic matters or persons must be received with the utmost suspicion. It would appear that on such subjects *Saturday Reviewers* are not bound by ordinary laws. On the occasion to which we are now referring the writer put as little check as usual on the exuberance of his imagination. "We have some recollection," he says, and we may add—not much, "of another letter published by Archbishop Manning's predecessor in his present office, which caused a considerable stir in the Tractarian camp about thirty years ago, in which Cardinal Wiseman displayed so little consciousness of "what every Catholic must wish," that he expressed the warmest sympathy for the Church of England, and hoped its influence over the nation would continue to increase, and that it would eventually reunite it—



self to Catholic Christendom."\* (*Saturday Review* for May 4, 1867, p. 568.) We are unable to say whether the writer of this sentence had ever looked at the Letter of which he gives this extraordinary account, or whether he referred to it second-hand. In either case, the last clause—that about the reunion of the Establishment to Catholic Christendom—is the only part of his assertion which has a foundation in the text; nor is there the slightest ground for putting the Cardinal in opposition to Dr. Manning in this respect. We pass on at once to other less extravagant assertions made about this Letter to Lord Shrewsbury by a writer who certainly seems to have read it, and who has made use of it in a remarkable and interesting article in the current number of the *Union Review* (May 1867, p. 236 sqq.). The object of this paper is, apparently, to prove that there has been a change of policy on the part of the rulers of the Catholic body with regard to the spirit in which advances from the Anglican side towards what is called "corporate reunion" are to be met, and that this change has been made since the death of Cardinal Wiseman. Our readers will naturally ask where the men have lived who can believe this to be true: but we may as well state the whole of the theory of this ingenious paper. It begins by a contrast between the dispositions on either side of the controversy as they were up to 1845 on the one hand, and as they were in 1865 and have been since on the other. On the side of "England"—a somewhat vague term—nothing, we are told, has changed. "In 1865, the attitude of England towards Rome was exactly what it had been in 1845—frank, temperate, and conciliatory, to judge from the tone of the pieces which M. Gondon has thrown together, emanating of course from High Church organs in both cases." We must remark, that M. Gondon's earlier quotations are almost entirely limited to certain extracts from the *British Critic*, and to the letter of "a young Member of the University of Oxford" to the *Univers* in 1841. As the *British Critic* was soon after suppressed, and as the letter of Mr. Dalgairns was certainly not looked upon with any favour by the rulers or by the majority of the members of the University from which it emanated, it is surely rather a stretch of the imagination to quote these expressions of goodwill towards Catholicism,—which naturally led their writers, after a short interval, to submission to the Church,—as sufficient evidence of the "attitude of England towards Rome." The writer is speaking of "corporate union:" England and Rome, therefore, the two "bodies" which are to be united, must surely be represented, not by individuals notoriously forming part of a very unpopular and persecuted minority, but by

\* The italics in this quotation are ours.

the utterances and the proceedings of their authorities respectively. However, such is the statement of the writer in the *Union Review*. "England" is unchanged: he and his friends, that is, ranged as they are for the present under the command of the "revered author of the *Eirenicon*," maintain just the same attitude towards Rome in 1867 as was maintained by Mr. Ward and Mr. Dalgairns in 1841 or 1845. We venture to think that even this assertion is very far from being accurate. He then goes on to declare that though the attitude of "England" is the same as ever—"frank, temperate, and conciliatory," yet the attitude of Rome, "the unchangeable Church," has changed. Cardinal Wiseman, according to this view, was always a supporter of the notion of "corporate union"—it is not exactly asserted that he discouraged the idea of the alternative, "individual submission," for that would be too palpably in contradiction to the personal experience of every one who ever had occasion to ascertain his opinions on the subject. But

"down to 1845, the conciliatory dispositions of England towards Rome were first met by the letter of the late Cardinal Wiseman to Lord Shrewsbury of September 1841, in which the return of the collective Church of England is piously hoped for, and tenderly shown to be possible, in spite of its difficulties: . . . and next his equally loving appeal to the Bishops of France in 1845, to have prayers put up in all their dioceses for the *Church of England*, the national Church that is, which, he trusts, will not be long in responding to them, mindful of the brotherly ties that formerly subsisted between it and the French Episcopate."

Such was the attitude of "Rome" in 1845. Now, however, all has been changed.

"With what treatment has the A.P.U.C., the *Union Review*, and the Ritualistic School been met by Rome—by Rome, which was so ready to pray for England and for her Church in 1845 by name? The proceedings of the A.P.U.C. were reprobated some two years back in a series of the stiffest and dreariest letters imaginable by the Cardinal-Prefect of the Roman Inquisition; the principles of the *Union Review* and of the Ritualistic School have been persistently assailed with ungenerous spite and vulgar abuse by most of the Roman Catholic organs in this country; the *Eirenicon* . . . has finally been placed on the Index, in company with the works of MM. Renan and Strauss," &c.

The writer goes on to say, that this fate was not allotted to any of the Anglican works of Mr. Newman, Archdeacon Manning, Archdeacon Wilberforce, and others. "It is in a very different temper that the late Cardinal alludes to any of these in his 'Letter to Lord Shrewsbury': very different results that he would fain augur from them all in his 'Appeal to the French Bishops.'" (*Union Review*, p. 138.)

Very different results indeed : but we will venture to say that if Mr. Newman, or Archdeacon Manning, or Archdeacon Wilberforce, or any one else, had put forward practical proposals for Catholics to pledge themselves to the theories as to the divisibility of the Church which underlie the "proceedings" of the A.P.U.C., or had written a book so full of accusations against the Catholic Church as the *Eirenicon*, all the influence of Cardinal Wiseman would have been used to procure their condemnation at Rome. As a matter of fact, surely this writer must have been quite aware that the "proceedings" in question were discountenanced from Rome, in the first of the series of letters from Cardinal Patrizi, of which he speaks in so remarkably "frank, temperate, and conciliatory" a manner, during the lifetime of the Cardinal, and, as it is fair to suppose, with his full concurrence. We must be allowed to point out, therefore, that the facts of the case, even as they are stated by the author, do not prove his theory. That theory is, that a change came over the policy of Rome after the Cardinal's death. He, good man, was all sugarcandy to "the Church of England," and as long as he lived his policy prospered.

"Can it be said that the policy of which the late Cardinal Wiseman was the vigorous and active exponent in 1845—from which he solemnly declared to the writer of this paper but a few months before his decease, he had never seen cause to swerve since—has proved a mistaken policy, and borne no fruits? Or, if it was successful, why was it ever laid aside? or if it was positively wrong, how came it ever to be tolerated by Rome, or responded to with so much zeal and alacrity by the French bishops? Still more, how came its distinguished advocate to be made Cardinal?"

*Audis' hoc, Amphiaræ, sub terram abdite?*

—and then, the mischief of it is that the very men who after his death have been "the advocates—and hitherto the successful advocates—of a new policy since his death," are, many of them, themselves, "aspirants after the red hat!" But we must really forbear to enter on the writer's most amusing speculations on the authors of what he calls the new policy. It is enough to say, that "the converts are in." There is a new ministry—and, for the present, every thing must be carried on according to the ideas of the men who compose it.

It is perhaps worth while to point out the extraordinary inaccuracies on which these speculations about "a change of policy" are based—at least as far as they concern Cardinal Wiseman. We should have thought that it was notorious enough that the rejection of the advances of the A.P.U.C. came as much from him as from any one except the actual Prelates of the Congregation from which the letter of Cardinal Patrizi issued: and if he had no share in the condemnation of the

*Eirenicon*, it was, we may venture to think, simply because he died before that work was published. But, in fact, not only does the writer before us forget Cardinal Wiseman's share in what he chooses to call "the new policy," but he has surely enlarged considerably on facts in his account of what he thinks was "the old policy" from which Rome has now departed. Any reader of his article might fairly think, if he took the representations contained in it as true and complete, that in 1841 Dr. Wiseman desired the reunion of the "collective" Church of England to Christendom, as distinguished from the individual submission of its members, and that he entreated the French Bishops in 1845 to pray for the "Church of England" as a legitimate though accidentally separated "Branch" of the Catholic Church. We shall speak presently of his language in 1841—but it will be more convenient first to deal with the letter of 1845. This letter is given in M. Gondou's work, of which the article on which we are now commenting is a review: the writer therefore must have had the words of Cardinal Wiseman before him. What does the Cardinal say? He says not a word about "corporate reunion," but a great deal about individual submission. He contrasts the position of the Catholics of England with that of their brethren abroad: *we*, he says, are placed by Providence "in a country where heresy and schism have for a long time prevailed, and where they still keep the people enchained *en masse* in darkness: where the number of evangelical labourers is insufficient for the harvest; in a word, where we have every thing to do." But in the midst of this desolation, it has pleased Almighty God to work a change which fills us with consolation. A ray of light has shone upon us, and our labours are joyful compared with those of our fathers, who have sown in tears, while we reap in joy. This consolation consists in "the manifestation in England of a new religious spirit, which we cannot help regarding as a manifestation of that same Holy Spirit who moved on the waters of chaos and produced order and light, and which now seems to be agitating the dark ocean of human errors with the end of drawing from it unity, truth, and a new world of religious faith." This is certainly not the language of one who thinks very highly of the "Church of England" as such. Dr. Wiseman goes on to say that not only are conversions more numerous, and that they take place in the higher ranks of society, but that old prejudices are wearing themselves out, and a considerable number of persons desirous of and thoughtful about a return to unity. The Catholics of England, he says, cannot attribute this happy state of things to their own exertions. They have learnt with great gratitude how much interest their brethren abroad, particularly in France, take in the movement, and that they

have already united their prayers to their own. There has been an impulse abroad to pray for the return of England to unity, at the same time that God has begun to touch the hearts of certain Protestants, and to inspire them with the thought of seeking their consolation in the bosom of their afflicted mother. The success that has hitherto been attained is a reason for redoubled exertions.

"We have arrived at a most consoling crisis. Minds are more than ever agitated and unquiet as to what they ought to do. A great number of men who are disposed to come to us have to undergo the most terrible struggles. They are placed in the alternative of choosing between the loss of all earthly goods and the rejection of the truth; they have to overcome human respect, prejudice, to sacrifice the dearest family interests and, often, ties of affection respected by the law of nature and of God. All these circumstances combine to render their conversion more difficult, and for many, the step of entering into communion with the Church demands a spirit of sacrifice pushed to an heroic degree."

This is literally what Dr. Wiseman asks the French bishops to pray for. This is "the policy of which he was the vigorous and active exponent in 1845"—to use the words of the *Union Review*—and we certainly shall be the last to say that it is "a mistaken policy, and has borne no fruits," or that it deserves to be "laid aside." But how came the writer in the *Union Review* to omit this passage, and to allow his readers to understand that Dr. Wiseman's appeal was on behalf of the "National Church" as a collective body, and that he contemplated some measure of "corporate union"? There are only two expressions in the letter on which such an idea can be grounded. Dr. Wiseman twice uses the expression "Eglise d'Angleterre." In one place he solicits "une grande manifestation de sympathie et de prières à l'égard de la malheureuse Eglise d'Angleterre"—in another he says that he and other Catholics will make known to England the evidences of the charity of those to whom he is writing, "et l'Eglise d'Angleterre répondrait, nous en avons l'espérance, à ces vœux de ses anciens frères." It is really not quite certain, on the face of the document, whether he does not mean the Catholic Church in England; but supposing him to speak of the Establishment, his words imply nothing about "corporate union." The Establishment has since that time responded, and is still daily responding, to the charity of foreign Catholics, by sending numbers of her subjects, one by one, into the fold of Catholic Unity. Moreover, the *Union Review* seems to acknowledge, that up to the Cardinal's death, his "policy" bore great fruits. What fruits does he mean, save the conversion of individuals?

We have now to speak of Dr. Wiseman's Letter in 1841 on Catholic Unity. This is indeed an important document—a noble

monument of the zeal, charity, and wisdom of its writer.\* It is in a true sense an *Irenicon*, contrasting in every possible way with that unfortunate production of Dr. Pusey's, from which, we are glad to see, the writer in the *Union Review* has had the courage to dissent at last.—We think that if Dr. Pusey could have persuaded himself to study Dr. Wiseman's letter before writing his own work, he would either have given it up, or made it altogether different from what it is. Dr. Wiseman was in the position—which Dr. Pusey was not—to speak on behalf of the Church of which he was a ruler. Dr. Wiseman had no occasion to mix up heterogeneous and even contradictory matters with his utterances in favour of peace: to criticise and attack the body to which he was making advances at the very moment that he was making them. He had no temptation to hold out his left hand for peace, and at the same time “throw mud” with his right. He had no occasion to put forward a theory of Unity of his own, or to slip into his work ingenious interpretations of the formularies which he had subscribed to justify his own position. There is no display of unwieldy and ill-mastered erudition, no personal gossip, no insinuation of motives, no anecdotes of what somebody said to somebody else, or what a traveller thought that “the poor people” in a certain place really “believed.” His *Irenicon* is as short and simple as Dr. Pusey's might have been, if he could have withstood the temptation of making it a *Dissuasive from Popery* as well, and it has all those qualities of kindness, courtesy, frankness, and generosity, the absence of which in such a work is absolutely inexcusable. There can be no more doubt that when he wrote it, Dr. Wiseman contemplated the possibility of some steps towards a “corporate” union between the Catholic Church and the Establishment, than that his advances were never met, and that subsequent events have continually tended to make it more and more unlikely that they ever should be

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\* We may particularly draw attention to a mark of great forbearance under something of provocation which occurs at p. 25. Dr. Wiseman is speaking of the hopes for reunion founded on the language of the Oxford writers. He quotes a passage from the *British Critic*, in which “Mr. Newman” had said, “if she (Rome) does reform . . . then it will be our Church's duty at once to join in communion with the Continental Churches, whatever politicians at home may say to it,” &c. He says not a word about the context: yet the whole passage has been quoted with special expressions of regret by Dr. Newman in his “History of my Religious Opinions”—the *Apologia*—as containing “savage and ungrateful words against the controversialists of Rome.” It certainly contains some very strong charges, and Dr. Newman expressly regrets it as being an instance of “indulgence in insinuations.” *History of my Religious Opinions*, pp. 126, 127.

met on the part of the Establishment in a spirit kindred to that in which they were made.

We need hardly recapitulate what must be so familiar to the memory of our readers as the history of the Oxford movement. It is enough to contrast the position of the little band of Ritualists and Unionists of the present day with that of the members of the High Church or Tractarian party in 1841. There is one feature common to both—Dr. Pusey, though not one of the original Tract-writers, was a member of the Tractarian party in 1841; he is now, in 1867, Vice-President of the English Church Union, though we suppose it is hardly correct to style him a Ritualist. In other respects, every thing has changed—at least, all that could have given any hope as to corporate reunion has passed away. The Tractarian leaders in 1841 never thought of going on to such a step save through and with their Bishops; but for this, we might fairly ask why *they* made no response to Dr. Wiseman's advances. Though actually a party in the Establishment, they never thought of doing any thing but leavening it and getting its authorities to act in the direction of Catholicism. They had faith enough in their "Church" to take the unanimous decision of its bishops as its voice: and that decision was given practically, not indeed on the question of any proposed reunion with Christendom, but against such explanations of the Anglican formularies as would have been necessary if any such proposal had been entertained, as they were also necessary to retain within the Establishment Catholic-minded persons who had signed those formularies. Dr. Wiseman, in the most definitely practical part of the letter which we may call his *Irenicon*, spoke of such explanations (p. 38) as a possible means of reunion. But the Anglican authorities, immediately after, gave the most peremptory negative to such an idea: and there is not the slightest reason for supposing that it is more palatable to the Establishment as a body now than it was then. We may add that the same authorities took a very prominent part in the great outbreak of popular feeling against Catholicism which was occasioned by the institution of the Catholic Hierarchy in 1850. Anglicanism itself is not what it was before the series of authoritative judgments of its highest tribunals, which began with making Baptismal Regeneration an open question, and has ended—for the present—with the allowance of the utmost license as to doctrines laid down in so many words in Holy Scripture. Meanwhile the position of the (so called) Catholic party has entirely changed. They no longer profess to be "the Church of England;" they only claim to be a section within her pale, which they allow to admit, equally with themselves, those who deny Sacramental grace, the Real Pre-



sence, and a number of other vital Christian truths. Thus the body which they would reunite to Christendom is one, by their own confession, which, if it does not absolutely impose on its members the denial of Catholic doctrine, at least does not bind them to its maintenance, and which contains thousands of ministers and congregations who differ from them far more widely than Catholics. It is a curious sight surely, to witness them pleading for bare life and simple toleration as a minority in their own Communion, and at the same time inviting Catholics to enter on "corporate union" with it. The truth seems to be, that their own ideas as to their Establishment have fundamentally changed since the Gorham decision. Then their leaders could sign a set of resolutions declaring that the Church of England was bound to repudiate the false interpretation of Catholic doctrine allowed by that decision, and that unless she did so—which she has never done—she would become "formally separated from the Catholic body, and could no longer assure to her members the grace of the Sacraments and the remission of sins." We are not speaking of the doctrine of this statement, but of the idea of their "Church" which it conveys. Now, when there is a question not of tolerating error on the Real Presence—for that, by the confession of the High Church party, is tolerated—but of *not* tolerating truth on the same subject, the one leader whose presence among them they quote as proving the identity of feeling between the Anglicans of 1845 and those of 1867 only says, if the true doctrine is proscribed, *not* that the "Church of England" will be less a Church than she was before, but that he will "resign his office."\* Thus in 1851 the effect of the toleration of heresy by the side of orthodoxy on the part of the Anglican Establishment is declared to be that that Establishment will be unchurched altogether: in 1867, the effect of the non-toleration of orthodoxy—as Dr. Pusey deems it—by the side of heresy, on the part of the same Establishment, is declared to be that a Canonry of Christ Church and a Professorship of Hebrew will become vacant. The same man makes these two declarations, and *he* is the proof that the position of his party at the two periods is identical! We suppose that Ritualists and Unionists would feel aggrieved if they were told that by their demand for "corporate union" they mean only to secure something for their own small number: if it were said to them that

\* See Dr. Pusey's Sermon, *Will ye also go away?* (1867.) "If it should be decided by a competent authority that either the Real Objective Presence, or the Eucharistic Sacrifice, or the worship of Christ there present (as I have above stated these doctrines), were contrary to the doctrine held by the Church of England, *I would resign my office.*" p. 28 (Appendix). He adds expressly that he won't go by what the Bishops say.

they did not look so much to entering the unity of Catholic Christendom along with their Bishops, their Convocation, and the mass of clergy and laity who are as much children of the Establishment as themselves, as to the securing for themselves recognition on some points of vital personal importance—acknowledgment of the validity of their orders or of the orthodoxy of their private doctrines,—before their admission. If this were what is really in their hearts, we suppose that they would say so. But for what other “body” than their own party have they the right to speak? what other “body” could they pledge to any terms that might be offered them? Certainly not that “body” which goes by the name of the Church of England.

Although the circumstances of those among the Anglicans who desire union with Christendom are so much altered since the date of Dr. Wiseman's Letter, it is not difficult to see that he might then very naturally have expected that the Oxford movement might absorb into itself a large number of the elements of which the Establishment is composed, and might have gradually won even upon the authorities of that body, and upon the statesmen who virtually govern it. Thus the reader of the *Letter on Catholic Unity* at the present day will perhaps be surprised to find Dr. Wiseman entering at considerable length on the question of the duties which might become incumbent on the civil governors of the country in case of the manifestation on the part of the Establishment of a desire for Catholic unity. In that case, he says, the Church of England must be entirely set free from the shackles which at present would prevent her authorities from holding any intercourse with the Holy See. It is quite clear that he is here contemplating, not the reunion of a small section of the inferior clergy, but that of the whole body as such, brought about by a certain line of action on the part of its legitimate authorities. Such an idea may seem to us at present visionary: but under the circumstances of the time it was not unnatural for one in Dr. Wiseman's position to entertain it. We now know that the Catholic tendency on which he then reckoned as likely to take possession of the Establishment as an organic whole, has issued in two results. A part of those whom it influenced have been landed, one by one, on the safe shore of Catholicism: others have endeavoured to carry out improvements in the direction of Catholic doctrine and practice in their own particular spheres, content to live side by side with those whom they consider very nearly, if not quite, as heretics, provided that they themselves enjoy toleration. The authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, instead of giving any encouragement to notions of corporate union, are wise enough in their generation to make what room they can in the system of the Establishment for spirits that might

otherwise be discontented and tempted to leave it. It is not easy for them always to keep down the Protestant spirit, which grows savage at the sight of any thing nearly resembling "Popery" within the pale of Anglicanism—especially as they themselves have so lately done homage to that spirit. Moreover, the Ritualists, who are really fighting for doctrines which have been long banished from sight, have taxed their tolerance to the utmost. Still, it is fair to expect that the successors of the Tractarians will be allowed to remain members of the "happy family" of so many various broods and hues which the Establishment has to show—if they are content with that. This is the real answer which has been made to Dr. Wiseman's *Irenicon* by the rulers of the Establishment. Except this, they have made no sign. Having emphatically condemned the so-called "Catholic" interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles, which he looked to as the possible beginning of "explanations," they have hoisted still more conspicuously than before the flag of universal toleration to all opinions and classes of men, from Dr. Colenso to Dr. Pusey, who can find it agreeable to their consciences to accept such toleration at their hands. When Dr. Wiseman wrote, Tractarianism was an influence which might have guided the whole body, or a great portion of it, in a certain direction of external policy; since his time it has turned out that Anglicanism has no such cohesiveness as to make it capable of such an impulse. The Catholicizing forces within it work upon individuals, but they do not work on the mass. It is no wonder therefore, that as early as 1845 we should find Dr. Wiseman—who, four years before, had written as if some change might be hoped for in the Establishment as a whole—writing simply with the aim of obtaining prayers to assist individuals in the great difficulties which beset them in the process of submission to the Church.

These considerations serve to show how it came about that Dr. Wiseman never had occasion to act further on the implied proposals for a sort of "corporate reunion," which his Letter to Lord Shrewsbury shows him once to have contemplated. The only people who could have accepted his overtures never thought of doing so. The little band of Tractarians was routed, and went "every man to his tent." The Anglican authorities shot down with their own hands the men under their command who had raised the white flag. Since that time Tractarianism has been succeeded by Puseyism—as simply a sectarian movement, though inside the Establishment, as if it were called after Wesley, Irving, or Swedenborg. The influence of this party, as such, has told strongly against all hopes of reunion, and the writer before us alludes, in many terms, to one great cause of the change of feeling on the part of Catholics towards it. "So far,"

he says, "we have always been prepared to agree with them," *i.e.* the advocates of the supposed "new policy,"

"that they wish to enter a sharp protest against any measures or counsels having for their object to deter members of the Anglican communion, who still think it their duty to do so, from going over to Rome, as the phrase is, after the manner of Dr. Newman and his following, as individuals, and on the principle of individual submission. . . . Conscientious motives should be much more respected on both sides than they have been hitherto. Anglicans leaving their own communion, especially for that of Rome, should not be looked upon by their former brethren as guilty of a heinous sin any longer, or treated as outcasts and reprobates. They should be considered in all cases—as Dr. Pusey was quite ready to say from the first in one—as men that have gone merely 'to work in another part of the Lord's vineyard.' So long as it was undeniable that they acted from the fullest conviction, and intended no positive reflection upon others convinced differently, they should be treated as far as possible with unaltered regards, there should be no unworthy suspecting or avoiding them in future: no shirking of discussion with them even on religious questions, so long as they professed themselves willing to join in it with candour and moderation. There was a vast deal of harm done in time past by the reverse conduct, of which we are now reaping the unkindly fruits. Converts were certainly treated with more asperity by their old friends than they deserved." *Union Review*, p. 241.

These are sentiments of which we should be glad to know that they were shared by the generality of the party to which this candid writer belongs. We will remind him that conscience has rights before as well as after "conversion"—and that however hardly "converts" may have been treated by their old friends, they have many consolations in what they have gained, which are not possessed by those who are yearning to take the same step, and are unfairly hindered from doing it. We should be glad to hear him lift his voice for this most oppressed class. The process of conversion, which has landed so many happy souls on the shore of Unity, has not been the only kind of mental struggle which has been going on within the Establishment since 1845. Men who were once themselves advancing towards Catholicism have not only stopped short, and turned back, but they have been forced by their position to devote themselves to the most deadening of all tasks, the hindering others from becoming Catholics. We must speak with all gentleness of the motives of these men; but the system of spiritual despotism which they have in many cases been led to establish is quite unparalleled. The Church is accused of organising priestcraft, and her religious houses are supposed by her enemies to be prisons. Every Catholic knows that this is false; but no small part of the means by which the Church prevents such results from following consists in the care-

ful revision of every rule by her authorities, in the constant inspection of all religious establishments by bishops or other superiors, and in the strict discipline which regulates the use of the confessional. Take away these safeguards, and abuses would invariably follow even in the case of men whose sacerdotal character is indisputable, who have received careful ecclesiastical training, who are recognised by the world as endowed with the graces and bound by the obligations of a true Priesthood. It is the unfortunate lot of the Puseyite "director" or "confessor" to find himself forced to assume a position of immense difficulty and responsibility against the will or without the direction of any ecclesiastical superior, with no traditional system to guide him, without check and without assistance, and having to deal with "penitents" who come to him, in a great number of cases, far more on account of his personal qualities or his particular "views" than as a simple "priest." We have no wish to run down the men who have to do this and similar work: to "found" and govern "sisterhoods" and "orders" of their own, and to produce according to their own ideas, and with no better materials than such as Anglicanism can afford, imitations of the most delicate and complex parts of the machinery of Catholicism. Some men, of course, have assurance enough to undertake any thing; but we believe that the majority of those of whom we speak must feel the unreality, or at least the dangers, of their position. It is only to our point at present to remark that one great occupation of those Puseyites who are thus engaged is well known to be what is called "settling" people who are anxious to submit to Rome; and we fear, from what we hear, that it cannot be denied that a system of constraint and pressure upon consciences and of the unscrupulous and extravagant exertion of personal influence has grown up among some of them which is perfectly unjustifiable on any grounds consistent with their position, and would not be tolerated for a moment if it were publicly exposed. These men too often bear witness to the unaccountable strength of the attraction towards Catholicism by employing the most arbitrary and violent means to resist it in those whom they have reduced to their obedience. The common state of longing for the blessings of Catholic Unity is described as the "state of temptation" *par excellence*—penitents are made to sign papers binding themselves under sin never to speak to a Catholic Priest or read a Catholic book or enter a Catholic church without leave—which is never given; and when the unhappy "Romanizer" chances to be a member of some Puseyite "Sisterhood," she is watched and dogged and shut out from all possible means of carrying out her desires, and is told by "the Mother Superior," or her spiritual guide, that the greatest sin she can commit is—in reality—

to follow her conscience. Some have been kept for years from doing what they thought right; some have been tortured into a kind of blank despair, which finds no contentment in Anglicanism, and yet looks for nothing else. We shall not pursue this unwelcome subject further; but it is impossible that Catholics can look upon some of the practices of these self-constituted "guardians of poor souls" with less abhorrence than on those of some of those gaolers of alleged lunatics whose enormities now and then come into the light of publicity. This system has entirely sprung up since the great development of the practices of confession and direction, against which many Anglican authorities have in vain protested.

We might remind our Unionist friends of other differences between their present position and that of the Tractarians in 1841, but our paper has already exceeded its proper limits. Let us conclude with two quotations from that wise and most charitable Letter of Dr. Wiseman on which we have been commenting. The first shall relate to one of those duties incumbent, as he says, on the advancing party among Anglicans:

"Their predecessors in the ministry have done much to mislead the population of this country on the subject of religion, especially regarding the true character of the Roman Church, and its differences with the Anglican. The prejudices thus engendered have stood, and yet stand, much in the way of their reconciliation. It is the duty of actual members of the same ministry, to undo the mischief, remove the obstacles, and, by every means, bring back the people to kindlier, juster, and truer views."

How, let us ask, is this duty performed by such violent misrepresentations as are contained in the *Eirenicon*, or even by such statements as that which we are sorry to see in another page of the number of the *Union Review* now before us: "We know that the simple creed here (in the *Garden of the Soul*) required from the Catholic differs as widely from extreme Ultramontaniam as Dr. Close's summary of belief would differ from Dr. Pusey's" (p. 281). That is, neither Dr. Pusey nor Dr. Close could read a summary of faith drawn up by his "brother," without finding what he considered deadly heresy; while the "extreme" as well as the "moderate" Ultramontane—Dr. Ward as well as Father Ryder—would be perfectly satisfied with the *Garden of the Soul* as the adequate expression of his belief. And yet there is no more difference in the one case than in the other!

Our other quotation shall be addressed to ourselves. A great part of Dr. Wiseman's Letter treats of the duties of Catholics in view of the prospect of union. Almost all that he says on this subject might be most profitably quoted; we must content ourselves with a single passage, which reminds us not a little of the large-minded candour



of the great convert whose attacks on Roman controversialists in 1840 Dr. Wiseman so charitably ignored. He is speaking of his own defence of "certain phrases employed in popular devotions":

... "My defence of such phrases has been no more than that they may bear, however strong, a truly orthodox, Catholic, and devout sense. I have never, to my knowledge, spoken of the expediency or suitableness of such phrases, particularly with reference to the impression they may make on others. There is no inconsistency in this. I may resolutely maintain that a person is no idolater because he performs certain acts of reverence before a sacred image, though I might wish him to refrain from them under given circumstances, as when misunderstanding might ensue. And as to expressions, surely they who openly adopt the principle that in interpreting their Articles they are bound, in the first place, to do so in accordance with Catholic doctrine, and in the second, to do almost any violence to the words to effect this agreement, cannot refuse us the right to bring all our formularies of devotion into harmony with our formularies of belief, and to explain phrases in the Pope's Encyclical by the decisions of his own See.

"Upon this principle I answer, that we must not be expected to join in condemnation of practices (I mean sanctioned practices) which we believe to be certainly reconcileable with sound doctrine. We must explain to the utmost; we must compare some parts of the system with others; we must press for the most favourable construction; we must judge of meaning by actions and by feelings. As far as concerns whatever the Church sanctions or clearly permits, I feel sure (as every Catholic must) that all can be thus placed in a right view. On individual cases of abuse, or local malpractices, on all that results from the depravity of human nature or its frailties, let us willingly acknowledge that we have reason for grief or for shame; but let it not be in a criminating spirit. Let the communion of saints on earth be a communion of sorrow, of confusion, of compunction, as well as of gladder sympathies: let us bear each other's burdens, but let us not measure too jealously how much is each other's share. When we refuse to join in even a partial condemnation of Rome, it is not that we believe its sacred precincts exempt from the temptations of humanity, or from sin, or from crime. We have both of us too often heard the noble eloquence of the Roman pulpit against the vices of society and of individuals, for either of us to dream of this. But wherefore should we become the criminators or censors of our own mother, who is so dear to us, and has on us so many claims of gratitude? Why should we not leave God to judge the wicked that are there, and turn ourselves rather to the many examples of self-denial, of zeal, of charity, and of exalted piety, which are nowhere else to be found so fair? My feeling is, let condemnation be by each one on himself, and let our looks abroad be in charity and affection. . . . When Divine Providence shall have brought us together, it will be time to mingle our tears in any common mourning; there will be family occasions of sorrow; there will be domestic secrets communicated that may cause general pain; there may be discoveries of frailty which will lead to Catholic sympathy. When brothers and sisters have quarrelled, and have re-embraced in reconciliation, each is anxious to take upon himself as much of the blame as possible, and to discharge the others of it. At least, all of us will be glad to forget that we were ever estranged, or why."



## Scenes in Tenerife.

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### IV.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GUANCHES.

For near 300 years the aboriginal Guanches have been extinct, and a mystery envelops them. 200 years—from 1393 to 1593—will cover the whole of their known history. The Guanche was peculiar to Tenerife, and he differed from the natives of the rest of the Canaries. The islanders knew not the use of boats in those early times, and in 1493 or 1494, the time of the conquest, the inhabitants numbered, it has been said, about 150,000 souls. How did the Guanches originally get there, and from whence? The Canary Archipelago is nigh Africa, and learned men think that the Libyans may have been attracted by the snow and fire of Tenerife. The Guanche customs, habits, and language suggest African origin.

The earliest account we have is, that the Great Tenerife was the greatest of Guanche monarchs, and that the island of "Tenerfe" was for many years subject to him alone. He died about 1393, a century before the conquest. This king had ten sons, one of whom was illegitimate. They rebelled, and at his death divided the island among themselves: the illegitimate son had only a small portion. The legitimate sons took the title of Mencey (lord); but the Prince of Tahora gained an ascendancy over them all, so that they not only acknowledged him, but added Quebihi (grand majesty) to his name. His son, Quebihi Bencomo, succeeded him, and was the last and bravest of Guanche kings.

The discoverers, or rather conquerors, of the Guanches found them living in a state of Arcadian peace and barbarism. The kings and nobles dwelt in caves hewn out of the rocks, and they had a large square in front of them (Tagaror), surrounded by stone benches, for all councils and principal ceremonies. At a coronation this square was adorned with palm, rushes, flowers, and aromatic herbs. The future king was dressed in a tamarck, and seated on a stone covered with skins. The "coronation" oath was then sworn on a bone of the ancient monarch of Tenerfe, preserved in leather, or, according to Viera, on a skull of the ancient princes encircled by the royal crown. The oath itself was "by Echeyde"

(the Peak), or "by the bones of the great Tenerife," which was as sacred to them as our cross to us, or his dirk to the ancient Scotchman. Then followed dances, games, and music.

The Guanches were very faithful to their kings even after death. It would seem as though they believed in a future state, as they placed ganigos, or little earthen pots of milk, by the embalmed corpse, believing the spirit might want them on rising in the other world. The Faycan, or high-priest, held the second rank in the kingdom; he alone could invest candidates for nobility, who were required to be rich, to be well-born, and able to bear arms. When all were assembled, the Faycan conjured all present, in the name of Alcorac (God), to swear whether they had seen the candidate proposed enter a yard to milk or kill goats, prepare dinner with his own hands, commit a robbery in time of peace, or speak ill to women. They were to speak then, or be silent for ever. If none could say aught against the candidate, he received his spear and became a noble; if it could be proved otherwise, he was degraded to the lowest ranks, and called Trasquilado. The Guanches worshipped one God, whom they called Achaman and by eight other names. Their devil was Guayota. He was supposed to live in the crater of the Peak, which they believed to be hell, and called Echeyde. I suppose that the reason the natives swore by his dwelling proceeded from a wish to conciliate both sides, as is the custom with other savages. Espinosa says that a very touching ceremony used to take place whenever the island was threatened with a drought or famine. The people assembled their flocks in the valley, and separated the young from their dams; the air was thus filled with the plaintive cries of lambs, and the mountain echoes repeated them. They believed that the intercession of these innocent victims in hunger and suffering appeased the wrath of heaven and drew down blessings on them.

The Guanches always embalmed their dead, and a body of priests was maintained especially for this office. They despised death, and when they felt it coming they assembled their people, and simply said, "Vaco guare,—I want to die." They were at once taken to a cave, laid on skins, and a vessel of milk or cheese was placed near them, after which they were shut up, that none might dare intrude on their last moments. The body was washed with salt and water, as in Egypt, and anointed with aromatic herbs and butter of goat's milk. It was then opened with tabonas, sharp stone knives made of obsidian; the entrails were removed, and the remainder was left to dry in the sun; it was afterwards rubbed with herbs, powder of wood, pumice-stone, and all manner of absorbents. This lasted a fortnight, during which the Guanche "wake" continued. When the

body was quite dry, and as light as charcoal, it was wrapped in many goat-skins, either tanned or raw, and stamped with its own family mark. The kings and nobles were sewn up in finer leather.

Galindo says that, "first, they carried the corpse to a certain cave, and stretched it on a flat stone, when they opened it and took out the bowels; then, twice a day, they washed the porous parts thereof, the armpits, behind the ears, the groin, between the fingers, and the neck, with cold water. After washing them sufficiently, they anointed those parts with sheep's butter, and sprinkled them with a powder made of the dust of decayed pine-trees and a sort of brushwood which the Spaniards call bresos, together with the powder of pumice-stone. They then let the body remain till it was perfectly dry, when the relatives of the deceased came and swaddled it in dressed sheep or goat-skins, girding it tightly with long leather thongs, and put it in the cave which had been set apart by the deceased for his burying-place. After one hundred years the embalmed were as light as a cork, and perfectly fresh."

Others were put into coffins of pine-wood called sabino, carried to almost inaccessible caverns, and arranged in order on shelves. Viera saw and described a wondrous grotto—Barranco de Hergue, between Arico and Guimar, south of Teneriffe. The smallest possible aperture in a rock led to a large and spacious hall, and in its wall were compartments like a bees' nest, where thousands of mummies were laid. He remarks: "I saw with wonder the art with which the Guanches render their dead eternal; and I found myself in the presence of the ancient inhabitants of Teneriffe, contemporaries, perhaps, of King Juba." It is a striking thought, that a race destined to become extinct in the sixteenth century, and who were actors in the world but for one century before their extinction, should have had an instinct implanted in them to render themselves everlasting; that their thousands of bodies should exist this moment in complete preservation in the bowels of their own island, and yet be so difficult to find. Mrs. Murray, who resided in Teneriffe four years, and wrote two amusing volumes about her stay, says that she saw some Guanche mummies in excellent preservation. The hair was red-brown, the teeth beautiful; the sewing of the mortuary skin surpassed that of her French kid glove, though the native sewing had been done with a fish-bone; and the skins were like the softest kid or morocco. The Gaunches appear to have taken the greatest care of their teeth; they drank nothing but water, and that not till long after food, lest anything heating should spoil their splendid teeth. Their descendants inherit this ornament, which gives a charm to the plainest face. When they laughed, I envied their white even

rows without a blemish; yet, I would answer for it, a toothbrush is unknown to them.

The mummies wore necklaces consisting of cylindrical beads, made of baked earth of a reddish colour, strung two and two and three and three. A private gentleman at Zacaronte has a Guanche museum of his own collection, which he shows to friends; and we were most anxious to ascertain whether these beads were the same as the African popo, which would be another strong link in the chain of circumstances causing a belief in African origin. The popo is a very scarce blue bead, which sells on the African coast for its weight in gold, and which no English manufacturer can imitate so as not to be detected by the natives. It is an ugly thing; but they prize it as much as we do diamonds.

Mortuary skins applied wet to the body completely take its form, and remain perfect after the destruction or removal of the body. In the *Transactions of the Royal Society of London* there is an account by a traveller (a few years after the Spanish conquest) of the Gaunche mummies, where he says that, for some trifling service he had done the natives, they took him to visit one of those immense sepulchral caverns in Guimar. There were 300 or 400 in a perfect state of preservation, enveloped in mortuary skins as dry as parchment. Earthen jars, which had contained milk and butter, were at their sides. They said there were more than 200 other caverns of the same nature in the island; but they could not find them, as their whereabouts had been only intrusted by the body of priests to a few old persons of great wisdom, who took some oath to preserve the secret.

Discoveries, however, are made even nowadays. A few mummies were found and sent to Spain a short time ago; and lately a baby was found in a perfect state, but it crumbled to dust the moment the air blew upon it. The owner of the Zacaronte museum has one or two. We offered a large price for one, should any more be found. Not long ago a child mummy was also found, beautifully embalmed in kid-like mortuary skins; the discoverer beat it to pieces, little thinking he could easily have gained fifty dollars by it. Male mummies are distinguished by their arms being laid straight, while in the other sex the arms are crossed on the bosom. It is said that some of them are fourteen feet high, and have eighty teeth; and though the Guanche was, doubtless, the Patagonian of the Old World, no mummy we have heard of has been found exceeding a fine manly form of six feet and from three to seven inches. The features are invariably handsome, and the hair of a bright light colour.

The Guanche rock-palaces were called the Caves of Kings, and

were large stone chambers, with benches and niches hewn out of the rock. They are inaccessible to the present islanders, except by ropes. The aborigines appear to have been very simple in their habits, and knew but little of furniture or utensils. A small ground mill prepared their *gofio*, their principal food; a skin pouch was used to contain it. These and *ganigos* (small earthen vessels to contain milk) formed all their kitchen apparatus. They used dried twisted stems to produce fire by friction, and all their sharp instruments were made of obsidian; sea-shells served as spoons, fish-bones for needles, and the nerves of animals for thread. They made rush nets, spears, dirks, and swords of wood, and shields of the dragon-tree wood. Their torches were pitch-pine, their beds of fern leaves, their sheets and blankets were skins. They made screens of cane, and seats of smooth stone covered with skins; knapsacks and baskets of palm-leaves. War was made with slings and stones. They fought naked, with their tough dragon-tree shields, and launched darts and javelins with unerring aim and great velocity. They had scouts, made signals by lighting huge bonfires on the mountain-tops, and also by a long, shrill, peculiar whistle, which is used at the present time, and is called the Guanche whistle. It is done by the mouth without the aid of wood or bone. The Guanches were great agriculturists after their fashion, and good carvers. They painted roughly on wood, using charcoal, ochre, juice of herbs, and milk. They swam like fish, and would capture a shoal by surrounding it with lighted torches in one hand. Their medicines were stale butter, goat's milk, whey of milk, and herbs; their surgical instruments, flints and rude knives; their healing ointment, certain roots of rushes boiled in goat's butter; their food, *gofio*, hung goat's-flesh, and rabbits; and their drink, only water and milk.

They had games, public rejoicings, and "harvest homes," music, dances, wrestling, jumping, races, and throwing and lifting weights. Their dress was a simple sleeveless shirt and tamarck, made of goat-skin, fastened round the waist, and tied at the sides. Some of the Guanches wore a tight coat of grass-cloth extending to the knees, girt with a leathern belt and an outer cloak of goat-skin, with a cap of similar skin. They were so fond of beards that, not having any of their own, they hung a goat's beard under their chins, suspended to the ears. They also wore bonnets of skin (I suppose, like a Scotch bonnet), adorned with feathers. They tattooed their skins green, red, and yellow, with juice of grass and flowers. Their wild dance is still the fashion among the natives, accompanied by clapping of the hands, and is called "*folia*."

They are described as being patriotic, modest, generous, sensible

to honour, robust, active, inured to war, abstemious, and simple, with solid minds and reflective habits, and they lived to a good old age. Polyandry was their custom, each woman being allowed three husbands. Their law was that of the Desert, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth;" only that they never absolutely punished by death, except in time of war, or for state offences, saying that God alone ought to take away the life He gave. It was the custom, if any one paid a visit, to sit on a stone at the door, and he whistled or sung until some one came out and desired him to walk in. To do otherwise was considered an offence.

Their tradespeople were preparers of goat-skins, potters who made earthenware vessels, and carpenters who wrought in wood, and were paid in meat, barley, and roots. The great spirit, Achaman, created first, the achemenceys or nobles, to whom he distributed all the goats that existed on the face of the earth. After the nobles, Achaman created the achicaxnas or plebeians. This younger race had the boldness to petition also for goats; but the supreme spirit answered, that their race was destined to serve the nobles, and had no need of property. This is the tradition of the Shepherd Kings, and was preached by the priests to the people. They seem, however, to have had two divisions, or castes—noble and plebeian. "Mency," or Lord, was a prince recognised by the chiefs of the tribe; the title of "Achemency" denoted a second rank above all nobles, and persons holding that rank were the issue of the reigning family or its collateral branches. "Signes" were men and gentlemen; and the people at large were "achacuca."

This is nearly all we know about the Guanches; and how little it is! This peculiar and isolated race, the tradition of which only dates from 1390, numbering then 15,000 souls, was conquered in 1493, blended with the Spaniards, and was totally extinct in one century afterwards. A chain of circumstances seem to point to their origin as Libyan: their customs, habits, and language, according to some writers, prove an African origin. Galindo mentions, as we have seen, their cave dwellings, their embalming their dead, their custom of polyandry, and their food, "gofio" of brown meal, a good addition to soup, and resembling the *kuskusu* of Barbary and the west coast of Africa. The popo would be a link, could it be ascertained. The conformation of the skull, Humboldt tells us, has some slight resemblance to that of the white race of the ancient Egyptians, and the incisive teeth are worn like those of the mummies on the banks of the Nile. After the conquest the Guanche and the African negro were sold simultaneously at Seville; and those who preferred death to slavery killed themselves and their children.

Bergeron, who wrote in 1630, describes the islanders as a beautiful and graceful people, with swarthy countenances, and dark sparkling eyes. However, as other travellers and writers have described them as fair, and golden hair is found on some of the mummies, there must have been two distinct varieties. At any rate, the type still peeps out in flashing black eyes and hair. Both sexes have the high Arab cheek-bones, straight features, dark skins, fine white teeth, and tall, sinewy, muscular frames. A few still boast their descent from the Shepherd Kings of Guimar; and however distant may be the connection, they are fine specimens. A few old words—a dance—the “gofio”—the whistle—and one or two old customs are still treasured up with pride. They tell a story in Teneriffe of a traveller, who heard of a family who could trace back their origin to the Guanches, and of the great muscular strength of these descendants of Guimar, and went to their cottage. All the brothers were out; so he sat down on a stone near the house. Presently one of the sisters came home, and asked him to sit in the cottage, and wait; and, while he was waiting their return, she carried enormous weights, or loads of some kind, from the house to a cart awaiting them; and he watched her for some time, and at last arose to go, saying he was quite satisfied at beholding the strength of the sister, and could imagine that of the brothers.

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## Our Library Table.

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1. Emanuel Swedenborg.
2. Traditions relating to Religious Festivals.
3. A New Life of St. Aloysius.
4. Some Catholic works of Fiction.
5. Le Denier de Saint Pierre.
6. Dr. MURRAY'S Prose and Verse.
7. Irish Homes and Irish Hearts.
8. Maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven.

1. Moebler has recorded his opinion that "all history does not present a more mysterious phenomenon than Emanuel Swedenborg." To many, on the other hand, who have taken a glance at his life and writings, the explanation of his visions is quite simple and easy: the man was mad, and published his ravings, *voilà tout*. We do not know enough of "all history" to endorse Moebler's assertion as literally true; but we are inclined to think that it is not very much of an exaggeration. The case stands thus. A staid elderly gentleman, of independent means and in the receipt of a good official income, a man of orderly habits, an even temper, and a calm deportment, who from his childhood to his fifty-fifth year had devoted himself to business, science, and travelling, without paying much attention either to the theory or to the practice of religion, announces that the Saviour of mankind has appeared to him in person, has bestowed on him the power of ranging through heaven and hell and the whole spiritual world, and conversing with its inhabitants, and has intrusted to him the work of revealing hidden truth, proclaiming a new religion, and founding a new church. He accordingly gives up his post of Assessor to the College of Mines, refuses all offers of preferment, and spends the remaining thirty years of his life in holding familiar intercourse with the spiritual world, and in recording his discoveries in huge volumes, which, although few will read them, he continues to publish and disperse at his own expense. At last he dies calmly on the day which he had predicted a month before, protesting most solemnly with his dying breath that all that he had asserted was literally true. He maintained that hardly a day passed without many supernatural communications; that he had held conversations with more than a hundred thousand different spirits, and amongst them, as might be expected, with the apostles and the chief Catholic saints; with Luther, Melancthon, and the chief heresiarchs; with Aristotle, Cicero, and other heathen philoso-

phers; with many of his former acquaintances, and most of the sovereigns and eminent persons who had died in his time. He had become acquainted with the inhabitants not only of heaven and hell, or rather of a multitude of different heavens and hells, and of the intermediate spiritual world, but also of all the then known planets, and of five other earths in different systems from our own. In the year 1757, while apparently living as usual in his humble lodgings in London, he had assisted in the spiritual world at the Last General Judgment, and had seen the detailed accomplishment of all the predictions of the Apocalypse, and that commencement of the new Heavens which was to be followed by the establishment through his agency of the New Jerusalem upon earth. In all his voluminous descriptions of the wonders which he supposed himself to have seen and heard there is nothing of incoherence or excitement; nothing even of enthusiasm, and no signs of any play of fancy, or any poetic feeling. Those who revere him as a prophet, and those who regard him as a madman, and those who, like ourselves, do neither, are all agreed in acquitting him of imposture and deliberate insincerity. From any point of view, then, we think that his history must at the very least be pronounced very extraordinary.

The two large and handsome volumes on his life and writings, which have lately appeared from the pen of an acute and discriminating English admirer,\* will give many an opportunity of judging for themselves, and will probably have the effect of increasing the number of those who, without belonging to the sect of Swedenborgians, adopt the main principles of the huge mass of impiety which Swedenborg believed himself to be commissioned to teach as heavenly truth. We are afraid that his biographer is correct in saying that "year after year" those whom he calls "the great teachers of mankind" "rise more and more into accord with Swedenborg's philosophical and ethical system," and that "in the union of utilitarianism with transcendentalism, which begins to characterise our literature, we breathe a Swedenborgian air." If, instead of being born in Stockholm in 1688, the apostle of the New Jerusalem had been born 150 years later in London or New York, and had composed his works in the Carlylean or Emersonian dialect of the English language, instead of in very bald Latin, he would probably have been "the great master" of the age, and have gathered into one school many thousands of those who are now seeking in a variety of more shallow systems a moral and intellectual basis for unbelief and relaxed morality, or are craving some supernatural sanction for living merely natural lives.

In his day such cravings were comparatively rare. There is some truth in Carlyle's saying that it was an age "which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that—in fact the measure of the thing was full, and a French revolution

\* *Emanuel Swedenborg; his Life and Writings.* By William White. London, 1867.

had to end it." The shallowest latitudinarianism on the one hand, or the dryest formalism on the other, satisfied the public demand both in Swedenborg's native country and in the land of his adoption; and those who, like the Pietists and Moravians, were aiming at a revival, were trying to galvanise into new life the Lutheran formula, which, next to the true faith, was the object of his implacable and unceasing hostility. He lived and died, therefore, without attracting much attention. A prohibition of some of his works, and a languid attempt at persecution, were all the results of his labours in Sweden; and in London his huge volumes, which it cost him 200*l.* each to print, remained unsold, and received no notice even from those to whom he presented them. Bishop Hoadley would no more read them than his antagonist Sherlock. His name does not even occur in the writings or in the table-talk of Johnson, Walpole, Lowth, Warburton, Goldsmith, Cowper, Gray, Burke, or Hume. John Wesley was for a time inclined to believe in him, and spoke with admiration of his writings, until defections from his own sect to Swedenborgianism turned approbation into hostility. The pious Fletcher of Madeley—one of the best Protestant imitations of a saint—was a more steady adherent, although he did not think his own flock capable of receiving the new doctrine in its fulness. William Law, to whom Swedenborg's first instalment of visions was attributed before the authorship was known, read his works, but had enough of Christian instinct to detest them. No one else of any note in England seems to have noticed him or his system one way or the other. He had to console himself with the sight of multitudes of diligent students of his volumes in heaven, and of all the English bishops who had died before him, and two hundred of their clergy, receiving severe reprimands from George II. in the other world for their rejection of the truth.

He did not himself found the sect that bears his name, or require his disciples to separate themselves from their respective communions. Cookworthy, who was among the first to receive his teaching, continued a Quaker; and Thomas Hartley, the rector of Winwick, retained his preferment while ardently proclaiming the new revelation. The chief apostle of it after Swedenborg's death was another Anglican clergyman, John Clowes, who held the rectory of St. John's at Manchester for the extraordinary period of sixty-two years, and died in possession of it in 1831. Among the tokens of the liberality and comprehensiveness of the Anglican Establishment, it certainly deserves to be remembered that this professed propagator of a system which explicitly and vehemently denies the doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, Original Sin, and the Resurrection of the Body, was courteously dismissed by good Bishop Porteus after an inquiry into his opinions, and was never afterwards interfered with, and that he asserted that there were more than forty other Swedenborgians amongst the clergy of the Establishment. In our own day the Rev. Augustus Clissold, of Exeter College, Oxford, is the only well-known clerical disciple. Swedenborg himself looked rather to the gradual dissemination of his doctrines than to the formation of an

organised association. He was assured, indeed, that among the heathens there were communities which still retained the ancient truth long lost in Christendom and now revealed through himself. St. Augustine of Hippo informed him of a nation of true believers in Central Africa, and other spirits pointed out a region near China similarly blessed; but their geographical knowledge was not sufficient to give any very exact indications of these interesting colonies. Till they could be found, the votaries of truth in Christendom might apparently remain in outward communion with the different corrupt branches to which they belonged, and so gradually reform them. All were at present in a state of darkness. The Catholic Church was Babylon and the beast, and most of the Catholic saints were in hell. Clement XII. had "spoken with almost all who had been made saints, male and female, and had seen only two in heaven, and they abhorred being invoked." On the other hand, Protestantism was the Great Dragon; the tenet of justification by faith alone was a license to sin, and those who were confirmed in it were inevitably damned. The Moravians were miserable fanatics. The Quakers were impure miscreants. The Jews, like their forefathers all along, were incapable of receiving the truth. The world, in fact, had been in a bad way for ages, and it was the second advent of the Lord in Swedenborg that was the great epoch of restoration. Every word and every letter, and even "every twirl and every dot in every letter," in Scripture was divinely inspired and full of truth; but no one hitherto had been able to interpret it,—the inspired writers themselves no more than others. David was a wicked man, and now in hell, "a slave of wicked spirits, who treated him like a dog." The apostles and prophets "were no better than other people." Paul had been all his life an ambitious plotter, and now "associated himself with the worst devils." But now that the truth was revealed, salvation was easy to those who would receive it. All asceticism was, of course, a very great mistake. Almsgiving was seldom advisable. Celibacy was wrong; sexual intercourse went on in heaven, and Swedenborg witnessed many marriages there. Monks and nuns after death were released from their vows and taught the folly of them, and "either chose marriage and were prepared for heaven, or inclined to lust and went to hell." Although adultery was a great crime, concubinage was for various causes allowable, and was practised by the seer himself. The new dogma was summed up in "Believe in one God with one personality, made known as the Lord Christ, and in Swedenborg His prophet;" and the moral code in "Live a useful life for the love of God, and reject what you see to be evil."

Most of the earliest believers had been Methodists, and this led, soon after Swedenborg's death, to the organisation of a sect modelled very much on the Methodist plan. England and the United States contain most of its members at present; and in England, London and Manchester are its chief centres. There were, two years ago, 55 societies and 3605 members in England, of which 4 societies and 566 members were in London, and 74 societies and 3700 members

in America. Wales and Ireland are free. The sect is said to be spreading in Russia. Two societies for the circulation of Swedenborgian tracts in London and Manchester distributed 132,000 in 1865. The Swedenborgian Poor Schools in Manchester and Salford educate 1400 children, and are highly praised by the government inspectors. There are many Swedenborgians who follow the example of Hartley and Clowes, and hold all Swedenborgian doctrine without submitting to the hierarchical system established by the Methodist converts; and these, in fact, as we have seen, tread more closely than the former in their master's steps. Some eminent men, as Flaxman the sculptor, and Oberlin a Swiss Protestant saint, belonged to this class. A third class of disciples, and that of which we spoke as likely to increase, is represented by the author of the work before us. They accept the main principles of Swedenborg's system, while they allow themselves to reject many of the details, and to laugh at his many evident blunders. Some of his own statements—as, that the angels sometimes made mistakes, and again, that a man's own ideas mix with and colour his perceptions of the spiritual world when admitted to intercourse with it,—give some support to this modified discipleship, although the liberty that he would have allowed is stretched much beyond its intended limits. But it is surely an instructive thing to see highly educated and thoughtful men, who have rejected the true revelation, adopting, with whatever modifications, such an appallingly debasing system as that of Swedenborg, which is, in fact, only a bad variety of Gnosticism with modern Spiritualism grafted upon it. The modern *mediums* may well persist, in spite of the hostility of the New Jerusalem sect, in claiming Swedenborg as a witness and an ally, not merely nor chiefly, as his biographer seems to think, because he taught the possibility of familiar intercourse between this and the spiritual world, but because he makes heaven little better than the Mahometan paradise, falls far below Plato in his revelations of eternity, and teaches Naturalism as if by divine authority.

We have not space to go into the details of his system. If any one is curious to know how in the different Swedenborgian heavens men and women—for there are no other angels—eat and drink and dress, and go to the theatre, and take excursions, and hold discussions, and—which last will probably be rejected as a mistake by the modern school—go to church occasionally for a two hours' service, chiefly preaching, or how the children are educated and amused, or how comfortable the men and women devils are, upon the whole, in hell—we must refer him to the volumes before us. The true principles which in Swedenborg's writings, as in all great heresies, are powerfully and triumphantly contrasted with previously prevailing falsities, and then ingeniously distorted to the negation of other truth, are chiefly—the absolute and continual dependence of all creation on God, the one Self-existing Essence—the incessant and universal action of the Divine power and wisdom—the adorableness of the Sacred Humanity—the interpenetration of the spiritual and natural worlds,—and the real choice of the future state made by the

human will in this.\* We quite agree with his biographer that the short interval of disordered dreams and the few weeks of semi-delirious excitement through which Swedenborg passed before his revelations took an orderly shape may be accounted for by the violent rush of new ideas into the mind, and are not sufficient to explain away the last thirty years of his life, during which he was uniformly calm and self-possessed. At the same time, these symptoms, as well as the visions of angels in his childhood, would suggest that he had a certain physical aptitude for receiving impressions from the spiritual world if they were permitted to be made on him, and his almost super-Whatelean self-confidence, combined with unchaste living, would point out the quarter from which spiritual visitations, if he experienced them, would proceed. His biographer, who lets us know that he worships in the churches of the Establishment, and who seems a superior specimen of the English Liberal of the present day, has the manliness to avow his own convictions in clear terms. "Time," he says, "only adds to the power and clear shining of my Author's flame. He testifies of this light, that it is the New Jerusalem as to doctrine, yea the second advent of the Lord Jesus Christ—the Truth. It is an awful claim; yet the more I study his writings, and learn to disregard their extraneous encumbrances, the more credible does the claim become." And his explanation of the remarkable coincidences between his hero and various authors and preachers of the present day, who are not yet like himself Swedenborgians, is: "Given equivalent conditions, and the Divine Wisdom will instantly vivify them into similar ideas in any number of minds." We should give the same explanation, only we should substitute "cunning" for "Wisdom," and a very different epithet for the word "Divine."

2. Few subjects can be more attractive to the Christian antiquarian than that of the traditional legends and customs connected with the festivals of the Church and their celebration—but we are not aware that due attention has yet been bestowed upon these fast decaying relics of antiquity. It is well known that the Church used the most indulgent moderation with regard to the popular festivities which she found in existence. Just as she took the old temples and made them into churches, so also she took the popular rejoicings or relaxations at certain seasons of the year and consecrated them by connecting them with some of her own heroes or holy anniversaries. If we follow out this principle in detail—if we try to imagine what a number of "conversions" of this kind must have been effected in the various countries of Europe, and what an amount of superstition and immorality there must have been for the Church to discard, while she preserved and sanctioned many observances that may have been only accidentally linked to falsehood and idolatry, such as festivals which hailed the birth of the new year, of the coming of

\* Some of these truths, with the accompanying poison only very mildly and moderately insinuated, form the subject of a little book lately published under the orthodox title of *Heroism, or God our Father, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent*.



spring, or the gathering in of the harvest—we shall easily see more reason to be surprised at the completeness with which the work of adaptation was accomplished than at the occasional remains of un-Christian grossness and rudeness which may no doubt be detected here and there. At all events, here is a most interesting field opened for research: and as old customs are so rapidly dying out, the sooner it is cultivated the better.

M. Cortet has just published a small volume which may serve as a help to any one among ourselves who may feel inclined to engage in this study. His *Essai sur les Fêtes Religieuses*\* is hardly more than a sketch, and seems in many respects to be largely indebted to a more elaborate work of not quite so wide a range by M. Desiré Monnier.† M. Cortet gives us a popular account of the chief anniversaries—New-year's Day, Epiphany, the Carnival, Lent, Palm Sunday, Holy Week, Easter, the Month of May, the Rogation Days, Pentecost, Christmas, and the like. He inserts one or two such days which we have almost forgotten as popular festivals—St. Médard and the Eve of St. John. As St. Médard has, it would seem, a purely French fame, we may as well use the chapter on his feast for the information of our English readers. St. Médard, whose feast comes on the 8th of June, is one of the Saints of whom provincial proverbs declare that if rain falls on their feasts, it will fall for a certain time afterwards. St. Swithin is the popular representative of this class among ourselves. The barbarous French saying runs thus;

Quan ploou per San Médar,  
Ploou quarante jhiours pus tard :

and there seem to be various other forms of the proverb. We are all familiar with the similar prediction—so entirely verified in the course of the present year in this country;

Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,  
Majus erit frigus post festum quam fuit ante.

And the saying about St. Swithin and St. Médard is more exactly repeated at Rome for the feast of St. Bibiana (Dec. 2);

Se piove il giorno di Santa Bibiana,  
Pioverà per quaranta giorni e una settimana :

in which lines we cannot help thinking that the rhyme has had something to do with the prophecy itself, at least with the duration which it assigns to the rain. M. Cortet gives us another curious mediæval proverb—which has also been singularly verified in this present month of May in which we write. Our readers may per-

\* *Essai sur les Fêtes Religieuses et les Traditions Populaires qui s'y rattachent.* Par E. Cortet. Paris, 1867.

† *Traditions Populaires comparées.* Par Desiré Monnier, aidé de la collaboration de M. Aimé Vingtrinier. Mythologie. Règnes de l'Air et de la Terre. Paris, 1854.



haps remember the succession of cold days which followed on great heat about the 11th or 12th of May. The old proverb in question says;

Saint Mamert, Saint Pancrase  
Et Saint Servais,  
Sans froid ces saints de glace  
Ne vont jamais.

These Saints come on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May. M. Cortet tells us that the phenomenon is well known to gardeners, and that some years ago it engaged the attention of the French Académie des Sciences—one of the theories put forward to explain it being that of a body of asteroids interposed between the sun and the earth at this particular time of the year. This theory our readers may remember to have seen reproduced in the English papers a few weeks ago. St. Médard seems to have been chiefly remarkable for the institution of the custom of crowning a *Rosière*: that is, he established an annual prize of 25 livres and a crown of roses for the most virtuous girl in the village of Salency, where he was born. His own sister Gertrude was the first *Rosière*. The custom was taken up after his death, and connected with a religious ceremony, and seems to have continued till the Revolution. It was revived in 1812, and transferred to Nanterre. Since that time it has been adopted in many other parts of the country, and, as it would seem, with very good moral effect.

3. No apology can be needed for a new and popular series of lives of Saints. The intention of that of which Mr. Thompson's *Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga*\* is meant to be the first instalment seems to be to present in a readable form a variety of specimens of remarkable holiness taken from the different strata of modern society. It was, we think, first announced as a series of lives of those who had been saints in a secular vocation. This intention seems to have been wisely abandoned: at least the selection of two such lives as those of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus for the two first of the series is hardly consistent with it. They were certainly saints in the world; but the battlefield of their sanctity, so to speak, was the struggle to leave the world as fast as they could for religion, and they could not therefore be the most appropriate examples for those whose vocation is not religious. The usefulness of such a series as seems now to be contemplated, if well conducted, is evident. It is something to be reminded that Christian heroism is not obsolete in the Church; that perfection is not only possible in these days of feverish civilization, but has been actually attained in numerous instances, not merely beneath the shelter of the cloister, but in every state and condition of life. The supernatural workings of the Holy Spirit are independent of time and place. "*Spiritus ubi vult spirat.*" God has His chosen ones in every century. And the type of modern sanctity is by no means dissimilar to that which men are apt to believe antiquated,

\* *The Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga*. London, 1867.

and buried along with a multitude of other by-gones. A little reflection indeed ought to be enough to convince us that no combination of circumstances, no lawful occupation, state, or condition of life, is incompatible with sanctity, which may take its external shape and colouring from surrounding influences, but will be found on careful scrutiny to be in all cases the practical development of one and the same principle—true love of God producing perfect likeness to God in holiness of will. This is to be a saint, to will *what* God wills, *because* and *as* He wills, and to do this with heroism and constancy. Asceticism, that name so terrible and repulsive to many as savouring of eremitic or monastic observances, is but a chart of the road to this perfection, and capable of adaptation to every conceivable variety of circumstance and position. But it cannot be expected of the majority of men that they will go through this process of reflection. A shorter and a surer way to dispel their illusions is the exhibition in the concrete, and in an attractive form, of examples such as those contained in the list of projected lives given in the advertisement to this series. It cannot fail then to be seen that the formal principle of sanctity, whilst it remains always the same, and not regulated in intensity of degree by any thing else except the amount of grace given and of correspondence shown, adapts itself to any mould, and presents phenomena as manifold and diversified as the accidents of age, country, or individual character. And this perception will doubtless operate as an encouragement to many souls who would otherwise timorously shrink from entering upon a course which they imagine sure to render them singular by putting them utterly out of joint with the age or circle in which they live.

No excuse is needed for the selection of St. Aloysius to head the series. The attractiveness of his life, the ample and trustworthy details which have come down to us, the fact that he was a saint no less in the world than in religion, and, above all, his having been put forward by the Holy See as the especial model and protector of youth, together with the universality of the devotion towards him, are motives more than sufficient to justify the choice. The book before us contains numberless traces of a thoughtful and tender devotion to the saint. It shows a loving penetration into his spirit, and an appreciation of the secret motives of his action, which can only be the result of a deeply affectionate study of his life and character. This is the secret probably, to a great extent, of the reality of the picture, and the interest with which a comparatively uneventful history is invested. It is also fair to add, that Mr. Thompson has had one of the happiest specimens of biography of this kind to follow in the *Life of St. Aloysius* by Father Cepari—a work which leaves comparatively little for any subsequent writer to accomplish. There is an old translation of this beautiful book extant, in the racy English of the early part of the seventeenth century, which we may hope some enterprising publisher may find it worth his while to reprint.

The life before us is divided into three parts. The first paints the Saint in the world, and embraces the narrative of the wonderful

and prolonged struggle kept up between youthful determination to follow out an unmistakable vocation faithfully, and the misguided but intense affection of a parent with very different projects of his own, and an almost preternatural persistency in the endeavour to carry them out. Some of the scenes between the determined but angelically gentle Aloysius and his reluctant father are exceedingly graphic and well told. But there is something yet more touching in the second part, which depicts the Saint in religion. His life there may be summed up in two words—*fidelissima caritas*. His minute, almost microscopic, exactness has in it none of the tiresome finesses of scrupulosity; it is the exquisite delicacy of attention which a conscience eminently pure, a spirit of the nicest discernment, and a heart wholly possessed with the most devoted love, bestows upon One who is "*magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*," who reaches from end to end mightily, and disposes all things sweetly. At the same time we find his heart expanding into the most beautifully tender friendships with those who were about him in religion, and exhibiting its affection in a thousand touching traits, such as ought to convince the most incredulous that religious life, and religious life after the exactest pattern of St. Ignatius, does not root out or stamp out the affections and emotions, but only purifies and exalts them. The third and concluding portion of the work is entitled "The Saint in Heaven," and consists of an account of the miracles of the Saint, and the growth of devotion to him in consequence, very skilfully put together.

We take the opportunity of pointing out a few blemishes. At page viii. of the preface to the series, from a want of theological accuracy of expression, we are startled at the proposition that the Divine Mind has a Son. At page 7 in the body of the work, if we mistake not, the betrothal of Donna Marta to the Marchese is called the conclusion of the marriage contract; though we are afterwards informed with additional confusion that they are "preparing themselves for the worthy reception of the sacrament of matrimony; and thus was this marriage concluded, as it had been contracted, in a truly Catholic spirit." A marriage could not be contracted previous to the reception of the sacrament of matrimony, and the reception of the sacrament could not conclude what had already not only been contracted but concluded. Surely to contract marriage, to conclude a marriage contract, and to receive the sacrament of matrimony, are only three phrases for one and the same thing. We must also object to the note at page 277, in which the writer puts a forced construction upon a simple statement of Father Cepari with regard to some words of Bellarmine to the Saint on his death-bed, simply because of an *à priori* notion that those words could not have been said by him for fear of raising in the Saint emotions of vainglory. Moreover, nothing is gained by the alteration. It must have been as dangerous to tell the sick man that he would not pass through purgatory as to assign the grounds for that persuasion; and Mr. Thompson allows that so much was said, and that the Saint was greatly rejoiced at the intimation. Moreover, everybody was asking him to take messages

to heaven, and he readily undertook the charge as one himself confident of immediate admission. No—Bellarmine knew the Saint too well to imagine that the mention of the graces and gifts of God, and the special mercy by which he had been kept from mortal sin as an earnest of another favour, could be a temptation to vainglory. Bellarmine had learned from Aloysius' own lips all that gave him this confidence, and knew how he attributed nothing to himself but all to the goodness of God, the safeguards of religious life, and the example of his brethren. It does not seem, then, that Cepari has in any way deviated from his usual accuracy, or used an expression which requires to be explained away in order to be justified. He was an ascetical theologian of the highest rank, and he had moreover had great experience in the guidance of saintly souls. Thus he possessed in an eminent degree those essential qualifications for the perfect accomplishment of that most difficult task, the biography of a Saint like Aloysius, the absence of which is sure to make itself occasionally manifest in the case of other writers.

4. Seven volumes in green and gold liveries, comprising three different works of the class of instructive fiction, all apparently from the pens of Catholics, have been soliciting our attention in the intervals of graver studies. Our satisfaction in the perusal of these works has been, as often happens, in the inverse ratio of their respective lengths. *Ferncliffe*,\* in one small volume, is a lively and pleasantly-told tale, with characters so well discriminated and developed, that the disadvantage of a plot at once rather stale and slightly improbable is not much felt. It is the only one of the seven volumes that, after having satisfied our editorial conscience by a sufficient amount of investigation, we deliberately read again for our own personal delectation and edification. The only improvement that we would suggest in a new edition, which we hope *Ferncliffe* may reach, is the omission of certain expletives, which we think a good Catholic, like the hero, would hardly have used even in his excited moments.

We deeply sympathise with Mr. Gretton, the author of *A Chip of the Old Block*,† who tells us that "the views, opinions, and expressions contained therein—however violent and extreme some of them may appear—have come within his own experience and personal observation." His sufferings before his conversion, from the very odious clerical acquaintance which it was his misfortune to possess, are worthy of all commiseration. We may hope that, amongst other more important benefits that he gained by embracing the true Faith, one result has been that the originals of his characters have ceased to be on speaking terms with him. Unless, however, he was exceptionally unfortunate, we should trust that he has a little exaggerated his reminiscences, or has fallen into the mistake of attributing to Protestant ministers in their domestic and social character the malignity and absurdity with which their public pro-

\* *Ferncliffe*. London, 1867.

† *A Chip of the Old Block*. By George Gretton. 2 vols. London, 1867.

nouncements sometimes overflow. At Exeter Hall, and in not a few pulpits, even what looks like caricature in Mr. Gretton's pages is often outstripped; but it is surely often found that the most blatant and boisterous of public orators are decently behaved and decently speaking men in private life. At all events, we hardly see the use of printing so much of this sort of thing, however authentic. Why should Mr. Gretton inflict on the world the evils from which he has so happily escaped? We must say, on the other hand, that the controversial part of these two volumes is well and fairly done, and various Protestant objections neatly, satisfactorily, and sometimes eloquently answered. We should have liked the instruction better without the story.

We must say the same of the information contained in the four (!) volumes of *The Loyalist's Daughter*,\* an historical novel treating of the latter part of the reign of James II. The unfortunate monarch himself is well described, and a very fair account is given of the Revolution. If our younger readers are fond of shooting and stabbing, battles, murders, and sudden deaths, terrific adventures, and hairbreadth escapes of the Adelphi melodrama order, they may satisfy their tastes and pick up some useful information at the same time in these volumes. But we should be inclined to say that even readers with the most gluttonous appetite, either for horrors or for information, will find it somewhat of an effort to get through the very ample repast prepared for them in these four volumes.

5. The payment of "Peter's pence" is once more becoming an institution in Catholic countries. It is the natural fruit of the indignation felt by Christians at the spoliation to which the Holy See has been subjected, and of their sympathy and admiration for the calm and dignified attitude of the Holy Father under the hands of his persecutors. Those feelings are quite enough to account for the great readiness shown by Catholics of all parts of the world to come forward and contribute to the relief of the plundered exchequer of the Church—and under their influence few would perhaps care to inquire into the exact details of the embarrassment caused by the aggressions of Piedmont. Children are willing enough to give to their father when in need, without caring to look into his accounts for themselves. Still we believe that nothing would more contribute to put the succours thus accruing to the Holy See on a permanent and satisfactory basis than the circulation of carefully drawn statements as to the precise needs which they are intended to supply. The case of the Pontifical finances, when fairly and intelligently put is perfectly overwhelming. On the one hand, it is perfectly clear that the Church requires a vast machinery in order to carry on her administration in matters directly or indirectly affecting the spiritual interests of her children in every part of the world. On the other hand, it is equally evident that the Roman finances have been admi-

\* *The Loyalist's Daughter*. A Novel or Tale of the Revolution, by a Royalist. 4 vols. London, 1867.

nistered with incomparable economy, with great sagacity, and with a tenderness in the adjustment of burthens and in the means adopted to remedy the mischief produced by revolutions and the speculations of adventurers, who have seized the keys of the treasury in times of political disturbance, which has no parallel in the history of any other state in the world. Thus the deficit created by the immense expenses and not less extravagant plunderings of the short-lived Roman Republic was gradually reduced, year by year, from the return of Pius IX. to the year before the outbreak of the Italian war; at which period it had disappeared altogether. The subsequent embarrassments of the Holy See have entirely resulted from the rapacity of its enemies, and up to the present time, they have been faithfully and exactly met by the loans which have been raised by the Government, and by the contributions of the faithful. There is, however, a great and pressing need at present; and we see just now announced by the papers, what no one who knows the "Italian" Government can be surprised at—that "it is confidently stated that it has not come forward with the 8,000,000 francs which it promised to pay into the Pontifical treasury on the 1st of this month" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 21st). On all accounts, we want full and accurate statistics to put the needs of the Holy See fairly before the world.

We therefore welcome gladly the appearance of a French work by M. l'Abbé Dumax, on the subject of the *Denier de St. Pierre*.\* It is perhaps somewhat diffuse, and may be said to go into a good many questions which Catholics are content to take for granted; but this is a fault on the right side, and one which any English writer on the subject might easily avoid. The history of the *œuvre* and of the Arch-confraternity is ample and interesting; and many of the "episodes" contain most touching instances of devotion to the cause and person of the Holy Father on the part of the poor and the young. We may remark that the book seems to have been compiled before the suggestion of a means of assisting the Pope which is now being continually mentioned in the French papers—which consists in the provision, either by individual benefactors or small associations of Catholics formed for the purpose, of the few hundred francs which are necessary for the yearly support of a Pontifical soldier.

6. Some twenty-one years ago Dr. Pusey published his sermon on the *Entire Absolution of the Penitent*—unless our memory fails us, the first sermon preached by him before the University of Oxford after his suspension by its authorities. That sermon put forward—though in a somewhat confused way—the doctrine of Priestly Absolution, and was, in fact, one of the means by which its author introduced the practice of confession among his co-religionists. Dr. Pusey, with regard to this practice and the doctrine connected with

\* *Histoire, Justification, Episodes du Denier de Saint Pierre sous le Pontificat de N. S. P. le Pape Pie IX.* Précédés d'une Introduction sur les devoirs des Catholiques envers le Pape dans les circonstances actuelles. Par M. l'Abbé Dumax. Paris, 1867.



it, laboured under that same kind of disadvantage which besets the efforts of every one who attempts to engraft any part of Catholic practice and Catholic doctrine upon the Anglican religion of the present day. There is always the danger either of running against some of the Anglican formularies, or of proving too much, either practically or in theory. Thus, for instance, the Ritualists of our own time have an indisputable ground in the Anglican Prayer-book on which technically to rest their apparent innovations: but this fact only increases their difficulties the moment they turn from domestic controversy with their own Bishops and fellow-clergymen to the defence of their Establishment against Catholics or against Easterns: for it makes it necessary for them to account for the extraordinary phenomenon of a Church, as they deem it, which has retained the Priesthood and the Sacrifice, having entirely discarded the ritual which is correlative with them, as well as all mention of the doctrine of the Sacrifice in its formularies and Ordinal. So again, as to the doctrine of the Real Presence. They have had to invent a theory of their own which has been shown to be utterly groundless, by which they attempt to separate in antiquity, and even in scholastic authors, the doctrine of the Real Presence from that of Transubstantiation. This hard necessity lies upon them, because they are bound by the Articles to anathematize the latter doctrine, at the very time when they really feel that the doctrine which they wish to maintain themselves is that of the present Catholic Church. So again, to give no more instances, with regard to the "doctrine" of Confession. Dr. Pusey wished to introduce it, and probably desired nothing more than to bring his Anglican followers up to the ordinary practice of Catholics. But there were two differences forced upon him by his unhappy position. In the first place, the proper and legitimate complement of the doctrine of Priestly Absolution is that of the *duty* of confession on the part of the sinner after Baptism: and if Dr. Pusey had taught the *obligation* of confession, he would have had to throw the Anglican Establishment overboard altogether.\* So he was obliged to teach that Confession was a privilege only—a *better* way perhaps of obtaining remission, but not, even ordinarily, an essential way, enjoined by Divine authority. Then there was another difficulty as to the practice of Confession. He found people ready enough to go to Confession to him, but he could not find any "bishop," or the "bishops" generally, ready to give him "faculties" to hear them. He had to assume "jurisdiction" on his own authority: and whereas, generally speaking, nowhere in the whole world is an absolution even *valid*

\* It is fair, in making this remark, to add that it would perhaps not be admitted as true by those whom, for want of a more accurate name, we must term the Ritualists. At least, Mr. Orby Shipley has just published a very straightforward and well-reasoned Tract (*Tracts for the Day, No. 1, Priestly Absolution Scriptural*) in which he does not seem to allow the "non-necessity" of private confession. We should be sorry to misrepresent him, but he speaks of the "*obligation*" of such confession, and we think that his argument would hardly be consistent with any more modified view. How, then, does he defend the present Anglican practice?



which is given by a priest, or even by a bishop, however rightly ordained or consecrated, without faculties from the bishop in whose diocese the confession is heard, Dr. Pusey and his imitators took to travelling to and fro all over the country hearing confessions and giving absolutions, and defended themselves by the theory put forward in his very confused and confusing pamphlet, called *The Church of England leaves her children free to whom to open their griefs*.

Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, noticed the weakness of Dr. Pusey's position as to the supposed "non-obligation" of confession, and published, soon after the appearance of the sermon in question, a very temperate and conclusive letter in which he pointed out the true doctrine, and disposed of the proofs from antiquity by which the Oxford preacher had endeavoured to support this part of his argument. This letter, *On the Divine Institution and Obligation of Confession*, soon ran out of print, and has often been asked for in vain. Dr. Murray has now republished it, and it cannot be denied that, apart from its intrinsic merit as a clear statement of doctrine, it is an appropriate contribution to the literature of the controversies of the present moment. We observe that Dr. Hamilton, in his late Charge, has revived Dr. Pusey's theory. Dr. Murray found that his letter was not enough to fill the small volume which he projected, and he has added to it a few other pieces both in prose and verse. The chief of these are a Sermon preached at Armagh in 1849 at a funeral service for the late Archbishop Crolly, and some well-deserved criticisms on Mr. Dickens' Pictures from Italy, and M. Thouvenel's Circular in 1860. The rest of the little volume before us is filled with poetry.\*

7. Miss Fanny Taylor, authoress of *Eastern Hospitals*, has just published a volume which will fill up a gap in the Catholic literature of our time. *Irish Homes and Irish Hearts*† is the title of this new work, the object of which is to give some idea of the great development of religious works of charity which has latterly taken place, under so many disadvantages, on the further side of St. George's Channel. That "Irish hearts" are nothing whatever if they are not Catholic,—that their religion lives in every nerve and in every pulse of the children of Erin, has been proved but too well, we are sorry to say, for the credit of their rulers, during the last three centuries, by the unparalleled tenacity with which their Faith has been preserved under the most cruel persecutions. There is another and a happier proof of the thorough Catholicism of a nation, which consists in its fecundity in religious institutions and works of charity: and it has been the lot of the Irish people, mainly since the present century set in, to exhibit this second evidence by wonderful instances of fruitfulness. No author, as far as we are aware, has gone before

\* *Prose and Verse*. By the Rev. Dr. Murray, Maynooth College. Dublin, 1867.

† *Irish Homes and Irish Hearts*. By F. Taylor. London, 1867.

Miss Taylor in the attempt to give some account of the results of this movement. Her little volume does not deal with the subject systematically. It is the narrative, it would seem, of a journey in Ireland in the course of the last year, the main object of which was to visit the several institutions throughout the country which belong to the class of which we speak. Dublin alone occupies several chapters: Drogheda, Newry, Cork, and a few other towns, take up the remainder. There was probably a good deal to be seen, even belonging to her special subject, which Miss Taylor was obliged to pass by; but her book gives a fair account enough of the present state of Catholic Ireland in respect of charitable institutions. She has avoided, as far as was possible, the disagreeable and disgraceful topic of "souperism" in all its forms and manifestations—one of the greatest of all the causes of Irish disaffection, which can never be put down except by the strongest expression of public opinion and feeling in England itself. She remarks on the comparative fewness of Convents of the contemplative orders in Ireland. It would seem that active charity has drawn to itself the greater number of the souls who desire to consecrate themselves to God in that country. In England, on the other hand, the orders which give themselves principally or exclusively to prayer seem to flourish as much as the others. We may add, that Miss Taylor is by no means a simple panegyrist of all that she has seen: and she appears to have found particular ground for disappointment in some cases in which religious of (properly) contemplative orders have been forced by circumstances to go beyond the spirit of their vocation in undertaking active works.

8. A little volume, published by Mr. Washbourne, under the name of *Maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven*,\* has a short advertisement prefixed to it with the signature J. H. N. The contents of the volume are simply texts from Scripture, arranged under heads, so as to bring passages of the same import together for the purposes of reflection and meditation. There are three series of these collections of texts; the first seems to be taken from the Gospels, the second from the other books of the New Testament, while the third is gathered from the Old Testament. We have no doubt that this carefully compiled work will be found highly useful, in the words of the Advertisement just mentioned, "towards the promotion among Catholics of an habitual reverent meditation upon the Sacred Words of Him Who spoke 'as man never did speak.'"

\* *Maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven*. London, 1867.

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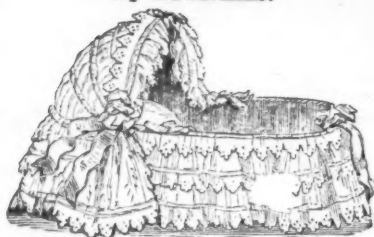


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